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THE vote of censure debate on Tuesday was not a very edifying affair. The Prime Minister defended himself against the attacks of the Opposition by abusing the plaintiff's attorney; Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Herbert Samuel exchanged some amusing badinage; the Attorney General reminded us that every country in the world, except Russia, admired the way in which the Government "have helped the nation to meet its great obligations"; and the Labour Party's motion was defeated by a majority of 407. There was no indication that the Government contemplate doing anything to relieve unemployment by schemes of slum clearance, land settlement, or any extensions of public work. They prefer to increase the volume by "economies," and to hope that tariffs will have some magical effect in reducing it. How many members of the Cabinet really believe in this magic we do not know, but Mr. Neville Chamberlain's faith is certainly sincere. The Prime Minister, to judge from what he said last week, has no strong hopes in this direction. Nor have we.

* * *

Meanwhile not only distress, but anger, is growing in the country. There is a great deal more of both than is reported in the press, and we recommend those who want fuller information on the matter to read Mr. Fenner Brockway's *Hungry England*, a little book just published, which gives a first-hand account of the state of things in Lancashire, the Black Country, on the Tyne and the Tees, in South Wales and Glasgow. The authorities appear to be getting the wind up—as witness the packing of the County Hall with 1,000 police the other day, when a deputation of ten persons waited on the L.C.C. But mobilising the police, jeering at "hunger marchers," and denouncing "agitators" are no remedies for the present discontents. Nor is it likely that the reform of the means test promised by the Government will have much effect. If a proper system of investigating needs had been set up at the beginning it might have been accepted and operated with little difficulty. But twelve months of the present scheme has done immense mischief—or, for those who view it with a "class-war" eye, immense good—and tinkering at it will not make it popular. The Government do not intend, says Mr. MacDonald, to produce a great sweeping measure "without full consideration of what it means"—and that will not be till next session.

* * *

To debate clause by clause a very long series of proposals which are certain to be carried without the smallest change by an overwhelming majority can hardly be an enlivening business. Accordingly the

Ottawa debates were thoroughly dull in spite of the efforts of Ministers to sound convincing, and opponents to speak as if they thought their speeches of some use. Every proposal to drop or modify in any way a proposed duty had of course to be fought by the Government with the contention that this particular thing was vital to the fortunes of Newfoundland, or some other Dominion or Colony. Above all, it had to be said again and again that the agreements stood as a single whole, and that Parliament was powerless to make any changes. The question is how far the next Parliament, if it is of a different political complexion, will in fact regard itself as bound by the pledges given at Ottawa. Both Sir Herbert Samuel and the leader of the Labour Party have said quite plainly that they deny Parliament's right to pledge its successor; but in practice, of course, it will be very difficult not to let the Ottawa agreements run their course. Therefore we enter the World Economic Conference hobbled by Ottawa.

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Now that all doubts about the effects of Ottawa are gone, Sir Walter Layton has felt compelled to resign from his position on the Preparatory Commission of the World Economic Conference. As long as there was a possibility that British tariffs could be used, as Ministers have always suggested, as bargaining weapons for the general reduction of tariffs, Free Traders like Sir Walter Layton could work for the World Economic Conference with a good heart. But Sir Walter now knows that the leading Conservative Ministers regard the new duties as fixtures and valuable in themselves and that in this, as in other matters, Mr. Neville Chamberlain counts for far more in the Cabinet than Mr. MacDonald. Mr. Chamberlain's idea is apparently to accept the Ottawa tariffs as a basis and then to make such trade agreements as he can with other customers, such as the Scandinavian countries. But if no effort is to be made to procure a general reduction of tariffs at the World Conference, what is the Government's policy? We gather that the Cabinet has not yet made up its mind. Mr. MacDonald may hold that monetary reform is important and if he were in charge he might be inclined to favour a policy of "reflation" in agreement with the United States. But his most influential colleagues are apparently convinced that monetary questions are not the crux of the world depression, and in the general absence of policy the most popular idea appears now to be an attempt to raise world prices by international restrictions upon production. That, of course, is quite an intelligible notion, though, in our view, it is likely to be a disastrous one.

* * *

There are some Free Traders who maintain vigorously that quota systems are worse than tariffs. The new proposals for the regulation of the trade in pigs will have given those who belong to this school of thought an unpleasant shock. On merits the pig quota has a good deal to be said for it. The new scheme is based on Dr. Addison's Agricultural Marketing Act, and embodies most of the features of the Labour import board plans except bulk purchase of imports—and even this does not appear to be ruled out. Briefly, the idea is to give British pig breeders who will undertake to breed standard pigs for bacon and ham—the pork trade is not affected—a guaranteed market for a rapidly rising quantity, at prices based mainly on the cost of feeding stuffs. Evidently a large extension of pig-breeding is possible upon these terms. The greatest sufferer will be Denmark, which at present sends us over 60 per cent. of our imports of bacon. The continent of Europe does not, to any great extent, eat bacon, and there is no alternative market for the Danish supply. Against this has to be set the fact that, if we do intend to grow more food in this country, pig's meat is clearly one of the most promising fields for expansion. The past history of co-operative bacon factories is doubtless far from encouraging; but the new scheme seeks to remove the causes which have led to their failure by ensuring a steady inflow of pigs from the farms. Altogether, the scheme seems to be watertight in its details if once its main object is admitted to be sound.

* * *

Nothing has yet happened to make us very cheerful about the forthcoming series of international conferences. Such hopes as there are of disarmament centre now in the new French plan. M. Herriot has had a stiff struggle to get this past his War Office experts, and it looked at one moment as if either he or General Weygand might have to go. But at last a compromise has been arrived at—"political and military aspirations have been dovetailed," as it is prettily put. The details of the plan have not yet been divulged; but there seems to be no doubt that it envisages a reduction of armaments in return for various arrangements to guarantee security. How far these arrangements will be acceptable to other countries which will be involved in them or affected by them—and particularly to Germany—remains to be seen. Past experience of French schemes is not encouraging; but the situation has now become desperate, and it would be folly at this stage to denounce a possible olive branch in M. Herriot's hand as a pig in a poke.

* * *

Apart from the question of the French willingness to make any substantial armament cuts, there are other factors to be reckoned with. There is the hankering after re-armament in Germany. There is the Francophobia of Italy. There is the widespread demand for revision of the peace treaties, to which, it must be assumed, the French plans for security will give no countenance. And behind all are the Japanese, who are resolute against a reduction of armaments, and whose refusal to disarm themselves will prove a serious obstacle to others disarming. A great deal, as we said in these columns last week, will depend on the way the League and the Powers (and especially Great Britain) behave in the struggle next month over the Lytton Report. If Japan is compelled to wind up her Manchukuo enterprise, to withdraw her troops and hand back the Manchurian provinces to China, she may shake off the militarism with which she is now hag-ridden. If not, then militarism will be fortified not merely in the Far East, but right across the world.

* * *

Signor Mussolini made two resounding speeches at the beginning of this week. At Milan on Tuesday he delivered himself of some prophecies which we do not take very seriously (such as that within ten years Europe would be "Fascistised," and that Italy was going to guide the destinies of the world), and also of a promise, which we applaud, of an amnesty to political prisoners. In the other speech, at Turin on Sunday, he affirmed Italy's loyalty to the League of Nations—though notoriously he is no blind worshipper of Geneva. He also affirmed his sympathy with Germany and her claim for equality. The genuineness of that sympathy we do not doubt, but its fervour we may fairly attribute to something other than a mere passion for justice. "We do not want any hegemonies in Europe," said the Duce very emphatically—meaning, of course, *à bas la France!* There is nothing new in all this; Fascist policy is consistent; it is based, like other people's policies, on *sacro egoismo*, and its roots are economic. Italy is poor, with a cramped population and an insufficient outlet for it across the seas. France is rich, with a colonial empire more than adequate to her needs. In short, Franco-Italian tension is not based on a congenital hatred of Italians for Frenchmen. It is based in the last analysis on the fact that there is too much France and too little Italy in Africa.

* * *

Putting your money on Roosevelt is now considered to be betting on a certainty. Reports suggest a sweeping victory. There are, however, certain accidents of politics which might conceivably elect Mr. Hoover. It is quite possible, for instance, that the number of Democrats who decide at this election to vote for the Socialist, Mr. Norman Thomas, will be so large that Mr. Hoover will slip in by a side wind. But the desire to defeat Mr. Hoover is so great that it is more likely that people who would otherwise vote for Mr. Thomas will plump for Mr. Roosevelt for fear of wasting their ballot. Such calculations will decide the election in Wisconsin, where the Socialist vote is strong and where in the first round of the election the "regular" Republicans won a victory over the "progressive" (La Follette) machine. The State which refused to follow Coolidge in the great boom era turned to the Republican burning deck whence even Maine had fled. But the chances are that this result will be reversed on November 8th. Judging from the unofficial *Literary Digest* poll, the one area in which Mr. Hoover's prospects are bright is New England. There the *Digest's* poll suggests not that Mr. Hoover is doing better than he did in 1928, but that the surprising support then given in New England to Al Smith is not rallying to Roosevelt. The general verdict is summed up by the commonly repeated remark that "it is not Roosevelt who is being elected, but Hoover who is being defeated."

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The Spanish Finance Minister, Señor Carner—a Catalan by birth—need not have troubled to apologise for the "timid and bourgeois character" of the new income tax proposed by the Budget which is at present being discussed in the Cortes. For the difficulties of imposing such a tax in a country hitherto practically exempt from income tax as it is known in England or France, must be colossal. For many years there has been a *cédula*, or personal schedule tax, according to which a man will pay a tax of 1,000 pesetas if he has an income of 60,000, and 250 pesetas for his wife. There has also been a heavy tax on *utilidades*, the profits made by companies. Indeed, while the individual might easily escape taxation, companies in Spain have been heavily burdened. As the Finance Minister said in the Cortes, it might be possible to be a millionaire and yet pay nothing, and some grandees are said to have paid their lawyers in order to avoid paying such taxes as they owed. According to the new Budget, there will be a "sliding super tax" on incomes over 100,000 pesetas, and in the succeeding years this will be extended to smaller incomes. Those who are registered on the basis of 100,000 pesetas will pay all taxes to which they are at present liable and the new imposition in addition. This "double system" is justifiable in the case of incomes of 100,000 pesetas, but in the decreasing scale would cause much injustice. Presumably the adjustment will be left to future Finance Ministers.

* * *

It had been so widely rumoured that the police were to be let off their second wage reduction that the decision to enforce it after all must have come as a severe shock to the force itself. The decision is in any case surprising at a moment when the Government must be very conscious of the importance of keeping the police in a good temper in view of the prospect of further trouble with the unemployed. But the Government were no doubt affected by the argument that to show special consideration to the police would be unjust to the teachers and other workers who have been cut already, and that railwaymen and other Trade Unionists would be encouraged to resist more strenuously the threat of new wage reductions. Wages are already coming down for the cotton spinners as well as the weavers. A strike was avoided at the last moment and, though no one suggests that the defeat of the operatives improves in any degree the economic position of the cotton industry, Mr. Leggatt, the Ministry of Labour's patient negotiator, no doubt deserves congratulations for pulling off an "autumn double."

* * *

The project of financing our hospitals out of the proceeds of *ad hoc* sweepstakes appears to be hanging fire. It is now a month since the Committee of the British Hospitals Association announced their willingness to receive and distribute moneys raised by aleatory means. This statement has since been qualified by Sir Arthur Stanley, who explains that the good offices of the Association will only extend to legal "sweeps." The gloss has the advantage of respectability, but the disadvantage of depriving the Association's gesture of most of its point. The Royal Commission now sitting may conceivably report in favour of legalising sweepstakes; but, even if they do, the outlook for the legislation that would be required is likely to be stormy. Various schemes for organising sweeps in Monaco, the Isle of Man, etc., have broken down, and Ireland's monopoly in this matter of the "harmless flutter" is not likely to be seriously infringed. This surely is unsatisfactory. The law, into which the Royal Commission is so painstakingly inquiring, has virtually become a dead letter. The British public is determined to gamble as long as facilities are accessible; and Parliament is merely shirking its duty in failing to modify its framework of legislation in the light of this undeniable fact.

D.O.R.A.

WE have been deprived of our liberties, it seems, by a gang of interfering busybodies, bureaucrats over whom we have no control, and old women of both sexes who cannot enjoy honest pleasures and find compensation in tyrannising over those who can. These have taken advantage of the war to perpetuate the restrictions which it made necessary. However, a deliverer has at last appeared in the person of Captain C. Percy Davis, the Mayor of Deal, and summoned by the trumpets of the Beaverbrook press, we gathered from all parts last week into the prim Wedgwood interior of the Albert Hall to send the Government an ultimatum.

Down with Dora! Dora's doom is nigh!
Down with Dora! Dora's due to die (tiddley-hi-ti)

we sang, but our singing was somehow not very impressive. For one thing, some of us realised that D.O.R.A. had died long since, and that we were really protesting against the Shops Acts and the Licensing Act of 1921, both of which sound less absurd and less vulnerable than Dora. Besides, our enthusiasm, genuine as it was, dissipated itself in a desert of unoccupied seats. And leaving the jokes and the simple arguments, which a series of speakers never tired of repeating, to be answered by the echo for which the Albert Hall is famous, we began to think about the whole complicated question.

For it is exceedingly complicated, though those who write about it seem usually unaware of the fact. We are by nature and by intellectual conviction lovers of liberty, but in many cases liberty for us entails an absence of liberty for others. And there are no scales on which to weigh the pleasure of even a large majority against the pain of the rest. John Stuart Mill is not really out of date on this subject. It remains true that "the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilised community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant." On that principle the experiment of Prohibition deserves to be the failure it is. But when we try to apply Mill's principle to such measures as the Shops or Licensing Acts, we find it difficult, much more difficult indeed than Mill himself supposed.

It is fair to say that most of the speakers at the Albert Hall disclaimed any wish to interfere with the rights of shop assistants, though these disclaimers were received with noticeably less enthusiasm than their other remarks. But at present most shop assistants have no rights. Persons under eighteen cannot be employed more than seventy-four hours a week (inclusive of meal times), and assistants connected with the sale of refreshments not more than sixty-five hours (exclusive of meal times), but the majority of shop-assistants have not the advantage of even these inadequate limitations. Merely to repeal the Shops Acts would remove the one safeguard against unlimited exploitation. Very well, say Mr. A. P. Herbert and his friends, why not get rid of the present absurd anomalies—we can cite plenty of them—by the general application of a shift system such as has already been established in confectioners and tobacconists? Would this not have the desirable result of at once keeping shops conveniently open and also increasing employment? To which the answer is perfectly plain. By all means arrange your double-shift system and keep the shops open, provided that shop-assistants are first assured of a forty-eight hour week. The first task in that case of the apostles of liberty is to advocate not the repeal of the Shops Acts, but the forty-eight hour week for shop-assistants. When they have accomplished that they can have the shops open all night if they can also persuade the shopkeepers that to keep late hours in these conditions is really worth while. For ourselves we doubt if the shopkeepers will consider themselves repaid by the extra expense which a shift system would entail. The public has grown used to sensible shopping hours; longer hours, after all, do not mean longer purses for the public, and the chief effect would only be to favour those shops best able to bear the additional overhead charges of two lots of assistants, more lighting, heating and all the rest of it. It is the apparent inconsistency of the present arrangement rather than the actual inconvenience caused which excites opposition. Indeed the agitation, we suggest, is mostly artificial, and is intended as camouflage for the main attack, which is directed at the closing hours of public houses.

Here the agitation for longer hours is likely to get more support. Only very flutter-brained people habitually require to buy groceries or haberdashery or even soap after the shops are shut. But without being either flutter-brained or a drunkard, one may want a drink after a play or a film, for instance, and this cannot be obtained, or only by ordering and paying for food which one does not require. (Surprisingly the law does not yet insist upon our actually consuming those "property" sandwiches, which conveniently serve for a succession of customers.) Again, if one is on a seaside holiday, one cannot get a drink after ten, or, if the local magistrates see fit, after nine. This seems an unnecessary infringement of liberty, though there are of course persons who consider that we have no right ever to require an alcoholic drink.

There are also, no doubt, arguments against extending the hours during which drinks can be sold, quite independent of any teetotal prejudices. The amount of misery caused by over-drinking cannot be calculated, and the record of convictions for drunkenness in past years is an appalling one. Recently there has been an immense improvement, and the number of convictions has dropped heavily. No one cause is responsible for this improvement. The provision of places of entertainment other than public houses (especially cinemas), better education, a diminished social tolerance of the drunkard, the enormously increased price of alcoholic drinks, and better housing have all had their influence. But there is strong evidence that the restricted hours of opening have also played their part. When the various restrictions came into force during the war the greatest fall in drunkenness coincided with the reduction of hours, and when the hours were lengthened again in the spring of 1919, the number of convictions gave a sudden jump (there were other causes at work) and by the end of the year had more than doubled. Let us face the fact that to extend the hours of opening might in some degree increase drunkenness. It remains arguable that, nevertheless, they should be extended. A little thought reveals how small ground there is for the cocksureness usually shown alike by the supporters and opponents of such a change. Although a proportion of motorists will persist in driving to the public danger, no reasonable person suggests that all motoring should be forbidden. For motoring, though liable to abuse, is admitted to be useful and pleasurable. Now, if we maintain, as we do, that the moderate use of alcohol also is useful and pleasurable, it is arguable that we, the many, have the right to indulge in this pleasure with greater freedom, even if the result be some increase in its abuse by the few. And, in fact, while we do not consider a lengthening of permitted hours an important need, we doubt whether the resulting increase in drunkenness would now be serious, and we agree that it is absurd to have hours that vary from one side of the street to another. We see no excuse for shutting public houses in the East End at an hour when the West End is still allowed to drink.

What is important is that the progress already made in improving the public houses should be accelerated. It has been the aim of teetotal enthusiasts to hinder such improvements, some of them using their position as licensing magistrates to do so. We do not agree with those who think the ordinary inn or pub disgusting: one finds in most of them a good-natured friendliness which is in the best sense "democratic." But we should like to imitate the foreign beer-gardens, places where families spend a pleasant evening, instead of places where one stands up at a counter and has another drink because there is nothing else to do. Probably the most certain method of continuing such improvements is the further application of a scheme like that in force in the Carlisle district. Finally, we insist that the remedy for drunkenness is to remove not the opportunity of getting drunk but the conditions which lead men to drink. Restriction of hours and the penal taxation of alcohol would cease to be necessary if the people of this country were provided with decent homes in which to live. There would still be drunkards, because unhappiness which occurs in all social conditions drives men to drink. These, however, would afford a problem not to the policeman, but to the doctor.

The anti-Dora movement originated with persons who had not thought the matter out with any thoroughness; no speaker at the Albert Hall even dimly suggested what extension of hours he wished to see either in shops or public houses. Is a twelve-hour day wanted, or an eighteen, or a twenty-four? The movement has been turned into a stunt which is likely to be dropped like other stunts in the press. There remains the need for a serious campaign for freedom, not the trivial freedom to buy a cake of soap or a glass of beer at midnight, but the freedom of thought and expression and life which infringes nobody's rights: a campaign not only against prudish and Sabbatarian prohibitions, but against our unreasonable divorce laws; a campaign to make our criminal laws more scientific and their application more curative. But just because such a campaign would be serious there would be little chance of its receiving the support of the *Daily Express* or the *Evening Standard*.

CYNICISM AT GENEVA

GENEVA, 23*rd October*, 1932.

THE dreariest and most barren Assembly in the history of the League of Nations came to an end last Monday, after an unseemly squabble between the Powers, great and small, over the partition among them of the higher posts in the Secretariat. Geneva is the home of euphemisms, and we called the squabble a debate about the "reorganisation" of the Secretariat. The peoples of the various countries should be gratified to know that, although their Governments are incapable of solving any of the international problems pressing for solution, they are still quite good at graft. All the five Great Powers permanently represented on the Council have secured a diplomatic representative in the Secretariat at the expense of the League and of its stenographers, whose salaries are to be reduced in future to pay for an extra deputy secretary-general and three assistant secretaries-general, all of them quite useless to the League. There was little to choose between the Governments in this shameless deal, but perhaps, on the whole, the German delegation were the worst of a bad lot. The French, however, ran them close. The Germans, at the instigation of a former German official of the Secretariat, made a dead set at M. Comert, the efficient and enlightened director of the Information section, and the French sacrificed him to buy German support for the appointment of M. Avenol as Secretary-General.

When one is already a bit cynical—and who is not at my age?—Geneva is not the place to make one less so. Here are concentrated all the international intrigues, and nowhere else are the poltroonery and frivolity of most of the rulers of the nations so manifest, for nowhere else does one see so many specimens together. This is no argument against the League of Nations. The machine works very badly; but before we talk of scrapping it, we might at least try a change of machinists. Besides, Geneva has one great advantage. It is much less easy than it used to be to hide the intrigues and much more easy to find out what the various Governments are really up to. International relations, people sometimes say, are worse than they were before the League existed. They are not; but Geneva has thrown a searchlight on them, and for the first time we see the horrid reality.

It has taken time for the light to pierce through the clouds of hypocrisy and make-believe in which Geneva was so long enveloped. For years misguided friends of the League have thought to serve it by pretending that all was well when all was very ill, and representing window-dressing makeshifts as genuine solutions. The complete breakdown of these well-meaning but mistaken efforts has put the public of the world suddenly face to face with realities and produced a wave of excessive pessimism. The way to check it is to point out, as several speakers at the thirteenth Assembly have pointed out, that what is called the failure of the League is in reality the failure of the Governments composing it, especially the Governments of the Great Powers, and in particular their failure to observe their obligations under the Covenant. The thirteenth Assembly has done nothing, but it has been the occasion of some plain speaking and, heaven be thanked, of little or no eloquence.

In three weeks the delegations will be coming back for the sessions of the Council and the Assembly about Manchuria, and, perhaps, the general commission of the disarmament conference which is summoned for the week beginning November 20th. The conference, as everybody knows, is at a complete deadlock, but the cause of the deadlock is not the refusal of the Germans to return to it. It is the refusal of the British and French Governments to take any effective steps towards their own disarmament. We are, it seems, to have a new French plan, but at present it is running the gauntlet of the French military and naval authorities, and is only too likely to emerge from that ordeal in an emaciated condition. What a comic idea it is to expect agreement from generals and admirals about a disarmament plan! Who would think of following the views of brewers, whiskey distillers and publicans about a plan for limiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks? But it is an idea not restricted to France. The British delegation at the disarmament conference have, to paraphrase a famous remark of M. Gabriel Hanotaux, been visibly held in check by the chain of the British Admiralty. And the *Times* has been naively suggesting that the French should consent to reduce their land armaments without making any indiscreet allusions to the British Navy. Such candour is refreshing.

Are we to have a Four Power conference? Everybody outside England hopes not. Nobody can understand what good purpose could be served by talking to the Germans until the other Powers have decided to what extent they are prepared to reduce their own armaments. We all know what Papen, Schleicher and Co. want. They want an excuse to rearm. Unless the other parties to the conference are prepared to disarm, they will be given the excuse. What the other Powers have to do is to come back to Geneva and begin talking about their own disarmament. They can do that without the Germans—indeed the discussion would be easier without them. Moreover, there is a general feeling of uneasiness about any secret conference in which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald takes part. There were certain unfortunate incidents at Lausanne, and what is particularly unfortunate is that there are written records of them. Reports of Mr. MacDonald's conversations with the French and German delegations were taken under the direction of the British Foreign Office and copies of them are in the possession of the French and German Governments respectively. It is thus on record that Mr. MacDonald told the German delegates that, if they would consent to pay 3,000 million marks, he would support them in asking for the recognition of their claim to equality of status in armaments, and afterwards told the French delegates that, if they would consent to accept the sum mentioned, the Germans would ask for no political conditions. The French agreed; the Germans asked for political conditions, M. Herriot refused even to discuss them, and the Lausanne Conference very nearly broke down. Mr. MacDonald, however, succeeded in inducing the German delegation to withdraw their political conditions and to postpone their demand for equality of status to a more convenient season. The Germans bitterly complained of having been let down. It was after this that Mr. MacDonald proposed the so-called Pact of Confidence, which in its original form was an agreement only between the British and French Governments that neither of them would engage in confidential conversations with the Germans. The French were rather puzzled by this proposal, but when, later on, they learned what Mr. MacDonald had said to the Germans they thought that they understood it.

Another reason for holding no Four Power conference at present is that nothing can really be done about disarmament until the Manchurian question is settled, and on the nature of the settlement depends the success or failure of the disarmament conference. At present the Japanese Government makes no secret of its refusal to consent to any reduction of Japanese armaments. Sir John Simon, when he was agitating successfully here against the acceptance of the Hoover Plan by the disarmament conference, used the argument that Japan would never agree to the plan. It was a very bad argument. If no proposal is to be discussed that any Government objects to, the disarmament conference may as well close down at once. It was because the late British Government adopted on the Preparatory Commission the policy of proposing and supporting nothing that was not accepted by France that the Preparatory Commission had such miserable results, and its report has had to be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

It is improbable that unanimity will be obtained at the disarmament conference for any convention of real value, but it is quite possible that such a convention might be adopted with one or two dissentients. If Japan, for example, were the only dissentient, the operation of the convention would have to be suspended until Japan gave way. Whether Japan would give way depends on the action of the League about Manchuria. If the League in that matter again gives way to Japan, naturally the Japanese Government will come to the conclusion that it can be as uncompromising as it pleases in the matter of disarmament.

Moreover, the German Government has undoubtedly been encouraged to adopt its present uncompromising attitude by the weakness of the League in the Sino-Japanese dispute. If that weakness continues the militarist gang now in power in Germany will come to the conclusion that they can rearm and seize the Polish Corridor with impunity. If Japan can violate the Covenant with impunity, why should not Germany violate the Treaties of Locarno? One of the most disturbing factors in the international situation is the general belief that the British Government at any rate will not agree to any course that involves action under Article 16 of the Covenant.

The action of the League on the Lytton Report has therefore an importance reaching far beyond the issues immediately involved, important as they are. On it disarmament and the peace of the world depend.

ROBERT DELL.

A LONDON DIARY

ONE might have expected a certain elementary knowledge of the armament problem from Professor J. H. Morgan, who was Deputy Adjutant-General on the Commission of Control which disarmed Germany after the war. Yet his letter to the *Times* in reply to the Archbishop of Canterbury's plea for disarmament shows that he is ignorant of the very elements of the problem. Amongst other things he tried to refute the argument that armament firms stimulate competition in arms by saying that it reversed "all economic theory, that supply creates demand." Now the League of Nations Committee which reported on this subject in 1921 found that armament firms had been "active in fomenting war scares," had "disseminated false reports . . . in order to stimulate armament expenditure," and "organised armament rings through which the armaments race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another." On this question of supply and demand, has Professor Morgan read the story of Krupps in Lefebure's *Scientific Disarmament*? It was by reversing economic theory in this way that Sir Basil Zaharoff also laid the foundations of his huge fortune. While the Great Powers were still hesitating to buy the newly invented submarine, Greece was persuaded to buy one. Turkey thereupon had to purchase two, and afterwards, of course, all other countries followed suit. The distinctive point about the armament industry is that every armament firm gains from every other firm's increase of business. If Professor Morgan wishes to learn something about the subject he will find the evidence and the economics very clearly set out in the Union of Democratic Control's recent pamphlet, *The Secret International*.

* * *

Sir Oswald Mosley spoke to a sympathetic audience at his meeting last week. But it all went wrong. He tried to squash an interrupter by saying, "You go back to Jerusalem." A voice from the hall then pointed out that Lady Cynthia's own relatives were Jewish. Sir Oswald seems to have taken this good-humouredly, but his black-

shirted stewards (I said "brown-shirted" in error a fortnight ago) promptly took off their coats and turned out this reviler of the Duce. Immediately the place was in an uproar. I cannot make out why anti-Semitism should be part of Sir Oswald's creed; I am sure he will get the worst of it every time if he and his adherents forget the traditional British notion of fair play.

* * *

I listened to two wireless talks on Monday night which, in their different ways, were very good. One was by Mr. E. M. Forster, who has begun to do the book reviewing in place of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy. The B.B.C. is to be congratulated upon getting Mr. Forster, whose voice is heard far too infrequently in print, to exercise it a little on the ether. His remarks about the books he dealt with on Monday seemed to me to be just right and extraordinarily skilful. The difficulty of reviewing on the ether is the enormous and heterogeneous audience that you may be addressing. Whatever you may think yourself about Sir Henry Newbolt's reminiscences or Mr. Fenner Brockway's description of hungry England, you know that your audience will probably contain hundreds of every kind of person of every degree of taste, bias, and intelligence. This, of course, is not true of reviewing in newspapers, where the readers for the most part are subjected to a preliminary process of selection, being passed through a sieve of political and social prejudice. The B.B.C. reviewer has, therefore, to try to give his own opinion of a book, and at the same time to make quite clear what the book will look like both to the man who *a priori* loves Sir Henry Newbolt and hates Mr. Brockway, and the man who *a priori* loves Mr. Brockway and hates Sir Henry. This extremely difficult task was performed by Mr. Forster with great skill and a certain amount of subtle humour. The other talk was by Mr. Harold Nicolson, who took up the cudgels against Mr. Priestley and gave the low-brow a tremendous doing-down. Mr. Nicolson is an old hand at the wireless game and has developed a marked manner and technique of his own. Like all virtuosos, he is now often in danger of overdoing it and of parodying himself. On Monday, however, for the most part he avoided this danger, and I enjoyed his apparent enjoyment in trouncing his victim.

* * *

Mr. Thomas, in answer to a question in the House regarding the attitude of the Government towards a republic in the Irish Free State, said: "The decision of the Government is that they will take any steps that may be necessary to give to the British people what we believe the British people are entitled to." I should have thought that every Government, since the days when the four kings fought against the five, could have said the same of every one of its decisions. Mr. Thomas might have added the nursery tag, beloved of my old nurse and nearly all Governments: "Those who ask don't get (are not entitled), and those who don't ask don't want."

* * *

The headline all across the front page of Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* of October 25th ran "Foreign Bears Attack the £." The leading article in Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* next morning, headed "The £ Is All Right," said: "This fall was accompanied by rumours of mysterious gangs of foreign speculators 'selling short' and making a concerted drive against sterling. *Such rumours are as absurd as they are mischievous.* The speculator . . . is a complete myth. *He simply does not exist!*" Only the italics are mine.

* * *

"But, having pointed out the dangers, I return upon myself and say that Lord Beaverbrook and the Crusaders are in the right, because they are Crusaders, who are the only people who ever get things done. The Government ought to make people do without chilled meat and Dutch cheese and Danish butter. They ought to revert to the sumptuary laws of earlier days."—"A. A. B." in the *Evening Standard*, October 20, 1932.

* * *

All other pronouncements of the week are dwarfed by Mr. Montagu Norman's prophetic utterance at the bankers' dinner. Speaking of the possibility of economic recovery, he said: "I hope that we may all see and approach the light at the end of the tunnel, which some are already able to point out to us. I myself see it somewhat indistinctly, and different directions are pointed out to us, all of which I hope will lead us where we wish to go. But I must admit for the moment that the way is not clear. We have not yet emerged from difficulties through which we have been passing. I like to believe we shall meet here next year, that this will continue to be an annual gathering, and that then, as I believe is more than likely, we shall see clearly where we are going, and be sensible of the rapid pace towards that goal at which we are proceeding." CRITIC.

ITALY TO-DAY

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

THE velvet glove of the mailed fist which is governing Italy seems to be wearing a trifle threadbare. As in the first days of Fascism, there is more than an occasional glint of the hard steel beneath. The foreigner, however, barely realises this. For there is no doubt that during the past decade the material progress of the country has been phenomenally rapid. Fresh industries have been developed, modern suburbs have sprung up round the great cities, and the rate of progress in places like Genoa or Turin is more reminiscent of the New World than of the Old. The railway trains, which invariably used to be at least two hours late, are now models of precision. To cross the frontier back into France is to experience a retrogression from the smooth electrified system of to-morrow to the coal-belching steam traction of yesterday.

With needless ostentation, an automatic system of traffic control, worthy of Piccadilly Circus, has been introduced into the somnolent main streets of places like Florence, presided over by admirably drilled "traffic cops" resplendent in duck or khaki. Excellent new roads have been built all over the Peninsula. The principal cities are now joined by "autostrade"—magnificent thoroughfares which would do credit to Brooklands—access being restricted to private cars on the payment of a small toll. There is, perhaps, nowhere in the world (and America is no exception) where one can travel about in such complete comfort.

Beneath the surface, however, all is not well with the state of Italy. Once upon a time the Duce was loved and admired: now he is feared. The stories whispered about him in the clubs and in the remote corners of the cafés become more and more pointed and frequent, notwithstanding the fact that they lay those responsible open to the charge and penalties of *lèse majesté*.

Of course, the name and the features of the Head of the Government still scowl down from every wall. They are, however, showing themselves with increasing frequency on the latrines, and it is understood that the authorities are somewhat perplexed as to whether this should be taken as a compliment or the reverse. It is notorious that the Crown Prince is on the worst possible terms with the Prime Minister. Whether this can have any real influence on practical politics is a point which remains for the future to solve.

A great deal of attention has naturally been attracted by the recent sweeping changes in the Ministry and in the Diplomatic Service. It is rumoured that this portends a drastic change in Italian foreign policy in the direction of a greater vigour, a more offensive spirit, and possibly an ultimate break with the League of Nations. Signor Grandi's sweet reasonableness at Geneva seems to have earned him a great deal of obloquy in Fascist circles, and his new appointment in London is probably to be regarded as a first step towards an undignified retirement.

Meanwhile, Italy is suffering very seriously indeed from the prevailing depression. The unemployment statistics show an increase, even at the time of year when the reverse might be expected, though, of course, the figures are carefully manipulated in explanatory articles in the press. It must be remembered, too, that in the south of the country distances are so enormous and organisation so rudimentary that proper statistics are impossible. The distress in the great cities is becoming more and more patent. Begging, which was forbidden by a Governmental decree a few years ago, is becoming rife once more. Every now and again the principal delinquents are summarily gaoled, but the relief is only temporary, and patrons of the open-air cafés and restaurants find themselves pestered continually again, as only Italian beggars can pester.

It is not long since apartments in the centre of the principal towns were almost unobtainable. Now there are vast numbers to let at incredibly low prices. The tourist trade, with the exception of agriculture the greatest national industry, is at its lowest ebb. The price of commodities has come down almost disastrously. Almost every shop has a "Liquidation Sale," and the number of bankruptcies is alarming. The reactions upon the regime and on the popular attitude towards it are obvious.

But Mussolini is a genius in the art of alternating circuses with bread. Many of the recent developments in Italy are of extraordinary popular appeal and deserve emulation elsewhere. The Dopolavoro system, which provides entertainment and occupation after working hours and prevents Satan from devising political mischief for idle hands, has obtained a strong hold. The "chariots of Thespis" are carrying admirable opera and drama, executed by the finest artists, into the remotest corners of the Peninsula.

Then there are the popular trains. For no more than a couple of shillings an artisan from Turin or Milan can travel overnight to Naples, where he spends the whole day, returning back in time for his work on the following morning. And by a stroke of comic genius an arrangement has been completed by which bridal couples, within a week or so of their marriage, can go to spend their honeymoon in Rome at a saving of no less than 80 per cent. on the railway fares. The consequences of this policy in breaking down the age-long insularity of the various parts of the country are not yet to be estimated.

One of the major enterprises of Fascist Italy, outside the political and economic spheres, has been the production of the *Enciclopedia Italiana*, which, now that the old *Britannica* has met with its eclipse, is probably the finest work of reference of its sort in the world. It is admirably detailed, handsomely produced, lavishly illustrated, and written throughout by experts. The fourteenth volume has just made its appearance, considerably overdue. Thereby hangs a tale. Some little time ago there was released for publication in the Italian press an article on Fascism by (of course!) Benito Mussolini himself, taken from the forthcoming volume, which was to appear within a day or two. It was mild, balanced, and philosophical, and it was not difficult to recognise in it the hand of Senator Giovanni Gentile, formerly Minister of Education (the Head of the State is notoriously too busy to devote personal attention to details). In Fascist circles the modest tone of the article provoked no little disappointment, not to say disgust. Criticism was outspoken. Week after week passed, and still the volume of the Enciclopedia, although it had been announced as ready for distribution, did not appear. At last, at the beginning of August, there unexpectedly appeared in the newspapers what was described as the second part of the Duce's article. This was more satisfactory—bellicose, intransigent, and breathing the full spirit of 1922. Here the true Mussolini was recognisable. Unless rumour lies, the whole volume was scrapped at enormous cost in order to enable this rectification to be introduced. We all know how Italian history was made. This, apparently, is how it is written.

THE YOUNG MEN

THE young men who at the beginning of their careers set out in search of work may be divided into three classes—those who are born gluttons for work, those who do not object to hard work if it is well paid for but on the whole prefer light work, and those with a deep-seated craving for a soft job. The young men who love hard work become navvies, engineers, racecourse bookmakers, journalists, and general practitioners. Those who do not much like hard work, but are willing to do it for a consideration, make, as a rule, for the City or open tea-shops in country towns. Those who insist upon having a soft job become motor-car salesmen, jewellers, or gamekeepers.

I myself, when living under the rule of professors, had no great passion for any kind of work; and my Greek professor, noticing this, tried to wake me out of my indolence by telling me what soft jobs were to be had in the home Civil Service. I gathered from him that life in the Civil Service was so easy that one could come and go almost at any hour one pleased, and that at the end of the beautifully brief day one would have plenty of energy left to write, if one wished to write. I should undoubtedly have made straight for the Civil Service but for one thing. I discovered that, in order to obtain one of these soft jobs I should have to pass an examination involving a long course of preliminary hard work. If I failed, all the hard work would have been for nothing, and the best years of my life would have been wasted. I often congratulate myself to-day on my refusal to accept the advice of the professor. For, if I had entered the Civil Service at that time, I should have done so just when the soft jobs were about to be abolished and when Civil Servants were expected to work almost as hard as country gentlemen. There can be no more tragic position than that of a man who, through sheer hard work and merit, has won a soft job, only to find that it has been magically transformed in the meantime into a lifelong labour of Hercules.

I am not sure whether a greater proportion of young men are looking for soft jobs to-day than was the case at the beginning of the century. Evidence about the character of modern youth is conflicting, and straws point in so many directions nowadays that it is no longer possible to tell from them which way the wind blows. At the same time, I thought one particular straw which was shown to me the other day in a weekly country paper rather significant. It was a description of life in the modern Army, couched in such rosy terms that it conveyed the impression that only by persuading him of the softness of a job could the modern young man be induced to apply for it. The writer of the description, an old soldier, who has recently been in camp with the 2nd ———s, observes that "some young men dislike joining the Army because they do not relish the discipline, and do not like the hard work and leaving home." Others object to it for anti-militarist reasons. He tells the plain story of his own experiences in camp in order to show that on none of these grounds, apart from the objection to leaving home, need the young man of to-day abstain from the military life. "Say what you will," he writes, "it is not a hard life; many pre-war soldiers would say it's too 'soft.'"

Take, for example, the question of discipline. Most of us civilians imagine that at the first blast of the bugle the young soldier has to leap from his bed, whatever his longing for another forty winks. Compare with this misconception the facts of camp life as related by the old soldier.

"Reveille," he tells us, "was sounded at 6.30, and I was wide awake ready for the hard and busy morning that we Territorials indulge in at annual camp. But no one stirred from his comfortable cot for ten or fifteen minutes, some for nearly half an hour." Is it not the picture of a young man's paradise? No brutal punctuality here. No foul summons to duty from a bullying sergeant. It is all done in the spirit of "Gentlemen, it is time to get up, but please don't hurry." What more could the young soldier ask except to have his breakfast sent up three hours later with the Colonel's copy of the *Morning Post*? No one appears to have done this, however, and everybody turned up "clean and tidy" in time for breakfast. "Immediately after breakfast," writes our informant, "the barrack rooms were tidied up without any hurry or bustle, and I personally was imagining that somewhere about 8.30 the whole battalion would parade in musketry order, and asked if that would be the case. 'Musketry order?' laughed a sergeant, sitting on his bed to write a letter to mother, 'Nobody wears musketry order here! When you are wanted, you will go out as you are.'" I confess, when I read this, I rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was not in Utopia. Liberty Hall and the Abbey of Thélème are evidently nothing in comparison with an Army camp to-day. The picture of the laughing sergeant, writing home to mother and mocking at the militarist notions of his interlocutor, produces a delightful impression on the imagination, and must go far towards persuading even the least warlike that disarmament is not necessary in order to create an atmosphere of general peace and good will.

There is an old saying that if you want peace you must prepare for war. It is now apparently out of date, and these young soldiers seem to spend their day in a way that would rejoice the heart of the most sentimental pacifist. The 2nd ———'s "do not rattle their sabres, so to speak. . . . They have rifles, but they rarely handle them. Week in, week out, except for an occasional smartening-up parade, they are engaged in ordinary manual labour, study, physical training, and other peaceful occupations." This will obviously mitigate the objections of conscientious objectors to joining the Army, but the reference to the manual labour, study, and so forth, may easily scare away the young man in search of a soft job. Let the latter not be unduly alarmed, however. Things are not so bad as they seem. "Soon after 12 we dismissed for the day. In fact, no one started any kind of work beyond cleaning the barrack rooms before 9 a.m. on any day, and everyone was free at 12.30. The soldier of to-day leads a less strenuous life than the gentleman of independent means—who, in these hard times, is less sure of his income than the man in khaki."

It is true that the writer proceeds to undo some of his good work by explaining that, in spite of his far from strenuous life, the peacetime soldier is not lazy. His training may not be warlike, and his life may be more carefree than a country gentleman's, but, "whilst he is at work, he works hard, not so much in preparation for war as for his own individual benefit." If only other nations would copy England in these matters it seems to me that all the controversies about disarmament could be settled in a single week-end. What do tanks and aeroplanes and submarines matter if the men who look after them are not engaged in preparations for war, but are all following peaceful occupations and enjoying themselves heartily, at the expense of the taxpayer? If all armies were like this I should be in favour of conscription, which, in the circumstances, could bring about only joy in widest commonalty spread. If the Army is like this, and I had a son, I should send him into it without hesitation, since "the Army of to-day is a kind of university whose undergraduates, however, do not indulge in regrettable exhibitions of horseplay in the outside world."

There is evidently a good deal to be said for being a soldier in time of peace. Y. Y.

AN IMPERIAL PRECEDENT

TIME brings some queer revenges! When a British statesman made
The mistake of taxing Colonists and harrying their trade,
They responded by seceding (in the language of to-day),
And renounced the bonds of Empire, to become the U.S.A.

Then the wheel of things moved forward, and in later days we read
Of self-governing Dominions who were threat'ning to secede,
Just because the Mother Country claimed an equal right with theirs
To maintain a fiscal system suited to her own affairs.

Yet another revolution sees Great Britain with her hands,
In domestic legislation, fettered by Imperial bands;
Taxing just what she is told to; bound, in case she should relent,
Not to modify the taxes, save with Ottawa's consent;

Damming up her world-wide interests into an Imperial groove;
Hastening to denounce a treaty the Dominions don't approve;
Hampered in negotiations, paying tribute when she dines,
Fettered in her choice of bacon, pledged to change her taste in wines.

* * *

When the wheel has come full circle, will historians relate
How Great Britain won her birthright as an independent State
By seceding from the Empire, and refusing to return
Till her economic system was declared her own concern?

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

LABOUR AND THE BANKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—If I may say so, Mr. Cole goes right off the deep end in his first paragraph and completely drowns himself in the paragraphs succeeding.

Apparently Mr. Cole rejects the institution of Socialism by force. Good. But the choice before the Labour Party is not between frightening the electorate and abandoning or postponing its hopes of achieving Socialism, but between frightening the electors with an insane Socialist policy or convincing them by a sound one. Socialism, in spite of its theorists, can be sound, but I venture to submit that nationalising the joint stock banks, as we know them, is Socialism gone silly.

First, it is a mistake to suppose that nationalising the joint stock banks implies a guarantee that an increased supply of credit will be used for industrial development or in accordance with a Socialist plan of production. You can take a horse to the water but you cannot make him drink. A nationalised joint stock bank can increase its supply of credit, but it cannot *make* its private customers use it if they lack the confidence or see no chance of realising a profit. To make a Socialist economic plan work it is not enough to nationalise the agencies of credit distribution: it will be necessary to nationalise the big credit consumers—in other words, all the basic industries of the country. And when you have nationalised the big credit consumers what will be left of the present joint stock banking system? The big credit consumers will be the customers of the State Central Bank, not of the joint stock banks. In fact, the joint stock banks will become merely the savings deposit banks of private traders. As such, they can be perfectly well controlled and supervised by the State Central Bank, provided, as I have always assumed, that it is empowered to do so in a new charter. It is absurd to suppose that a Socialist State would function through the existing financial agencies of private enterprise even if "nationalised."

Secondly, Mr. Cole's fear that it may be "impossible by control to make the banks lend money to businesses to which they did not want to lend it," shows an extraordinary comprehension of State banking. Does he intend that a State Bank should lend money to businesses which are unsound or uneconomic? At the present time, even a joint stock bank would be tickled to death to grant an overdraft to a new customer; the trouble is to find one who is credit-worthy. I imagine that even a State Central Bank would not be anxious to become icebound with frozen loans.

Thirdly, what Socialist State would want to nationalise the five joint stock banks as they stand? Everyone knows that joint stock banking is the most unrationalised of our national industries. The main streets of every town bear evidence of it. The country is littered with superfluous bank branches.

As regards Mr. Fred Hughes' letter, I would say that "nationalising bank deposits" means whatever State control would make of it—good if it were wisely done, bad if fools or ignorant politicians interfered. I was only concerned to point out that the *liquid* capital of the big capitalist would not be in the bank when it is nationalised, for it would have flown away.

It may be urged that a sane financial policy for the Labour Party would be to concentrate on nationalising the Central Bank, which will become the banking house for all the State-controlled industries. The joint stock banks can be left subject to the supervision and control of the Central Bank as the savings banks of the private trader. There will be other machinery, for the Socialist State will have to create new financial agencies for its Socialist economic plan, but space forbids discussion. In this policy there is no very frightening prospect for the left-minded or liberal-minded voter, whose support is needed. Yet it is much more Socialistic than the pettifogging and childish resolution carried at the Leicester Conference for the nationalisation of the joint stock banks.

E. H. DAVENPORT.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Messrs. Davenport and Cole should both read, if they have not already done so, the speech delivered by the General Manager of Williams Deacons Bank in Manchester on October 21st and published in the *Financial News* on the 22nd. Here we have the first echo of the Leicester Labour Conference decision to nationalise the joint stock banks. The General Manager of this lesser clearing bank denounces the Labour proposals as "legalised loot"—to quote his actual words:

> There are people who, under the guise of political theories, or slogans, are merely covetous and think that if they could gain control of the banks they could somehow distribute the shareholders' capital and the customers' deposits among deserving persons, which would, of course, include themselves—a sort of legalised loot. This is, of course, very crude.

It is, indeed, very crude. So was the rest of the speech, but it is nothing to the flood of misrepresentation which will be poured upon the Labour Party at the next election. Possibly by then the state of the country will be so bad that no amount of misrepresentation will defeat the Labour Party, but it does appear "sheer folly" to place nationalisation of the joint stock banks in the front of the platform. The keys of financial power lie in the Bank of England. As a banker, I do not agree with Mr. Cole that the powers of a Central Bank to manipulate currency and credit are grossly exaggerated or that "control" of the joint stock banks is bound to be vague and ineffective. In these banks the big questions of policy and methods are decided in the last resort by a few, very few, men at the top. These are the men who must co-operate, or rather these are the positions to secure and control. The rest is largely a waste of energy.

Assume, however, that the clearing banks are nationalised. Unless the "national plan of production" or the "Socialist economic plan," of which Mr. Cole speaks, is ready by the next election, the nationalised banks will be faced with precisely the same problems that face the banks to-day, problems of liquidity, of frozen credits, of the exchanges, of fresh capital for the reconstruction of depressed industries. If these nationalised bankers have not by then evolved fresh ideas they will be no more successful in solving these problems than they are at present.

What is urgently needed is not nationalisation, but a new technique of banking. We are moving rapidly towards a new conception of money and credit. Judging by their recent pamphlets even the Federation of British Industries regard money in much the same light as the Russians do, as a "ticket for goods." A Central Bank animated by the same idea could effect more revolutionary changes than any other agency. The co-operation of the joint stock banks must be secured. This could be done quite simply by a committee of control, appointed by the Government and armed with proper legal powers—just as the Discount Market and Acceptance Houses could be controlled even more absolutely than they are at present by a very small committee of experts sitting at the Bank of England.

If Mr. Cole is preparing a comprehensive Socialist plan he should propose the total abolition of the joint stock banks as, after all, it is unnecessary to have more than one national bank to create and distribute the national credit—but I understand that we are considering a practical programme for the next election.

A LEFT-WING BANKER.

THE FILM INSTITUTE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. W. Brown and Mr. A. C. Cameron, the Honorary Secretaries of the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films, in their courteous reply to my letter, base their main arguments on a far wider definition of the terms "education" and "culture" than those usually accepted, far wider, for example, than those laid down in the concise Oxford Dictionary: "*Education*—bringing up (of the young); systematic instruction; development of character or mental powers." "*Culture*—improvement by (mental or physical) training; intellectual development."

I would not think of limiting, as Mr. Brown and Mr. Cameron say I limit, "education" to "formal instruction"; still less, of supposing, as they say I suppose, that "educators are narrow pedagogues." At the same time, it is clearly nonsense to suggest, as they do, that the terms "education" and "entertainment" are practically synonymous; or that "education" is not, in fact, "limited in scope"—in exactly the same way as, for example, are "ethics" and "art." Some educators, like some moralists and some artists, would like to extend the scope of their own special term until it embraces all manner of other things as well; until, ultimately, it becomes merely a conveniently abbreviated form of saying "the general interests of the community." Moralists or artists, however, who develop this unfortunate habit are rightly called fanatics—a term which I would not, in my wildest moments, dream of applying to Mr. Brown, nor yet to Mr. Cameron.

It is all to the good that each of these three groups—educators, moralists, artists, no less than others like them—should bring its own particular influence to bear on the development of a great national institution like the cinema. It is of first-rate importance, however, that the influence of no single one of them should be permitted to become disproportionate. There has at times been a risk of that in the case of the moralists; a time may come (though not yet) when there may be a risk of it in the case of the artists; at the moment, as Mr. Brown and Mr. Cameron's letter makes quite clear, the chief danger lies in the direction of the educators.

The Commission on Educational and Cultural Films was appointed by a "Conference representing Institutions engaged in Science, History and Education," and its first instruction—"to consider suggestions for improving and extending the use of films for educational and cultural purposes"—was therefore entirely appropriate. Its conclusions under this head are of great value. Unfortunately, it was entrusted with another quite different task—"to consider methods for raising the standard of public appreciation of films"—and, instead of refusing to undertake it as altogether outside its (educational) province; instead of pointing out that it had neither the experience nor the knowledge, let alone the authority, to attempt any such raising of standards, it accepted it with eager hands, and—I say it with all respect—allowed it to go to its head. So much so that its secretaries now, in their letter to you, actually claim that the two matters regarding which it had some special knowledge—films for schools and films for lectures—were "properly subordinated" in its Report to this far wider raising-of-standards problem regarding which they had no special knowledge whatever.

Not that educators, any more than moralists, artists or anyone else, are not entitled to express their educational (moral or artistic) views in regard to this film or that; or to work, if so inclined, to set up an educational (moral or artistic) institute for that purpose—always assuming, of course, it is financed by themselves. What they are not entitled to do is to expect that those views will not meet with much criticism; still less, that the institute they wish to set up should be supported out of public funds. WALTER ASHLEY.

5 Langton Avenue, N. 20.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your comments of October 22nd, you object to "the most unscrupulous arguments" of the London Municipal Society and National Union of Ratepayers' Associations in connection with the Means Test. The facts are these. The Minority Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, 1909, signed by four Socialist members of the Commission: the Rev. Russell Wakefield, Mr. Francis Chandler, Mr. George Lansbury, and Mrs. Sidney Webb, dealt with the question of outdoor relief. After commenting on the "almost universal system of granting outdoor relief in supplement of earnings" (p. 37), the Commissioners say "We found nothing worthy of the name of an ascertainment of even the existence, let alone the amount," of any resources in the household. They also observe, "that outdoor relief is sometimes granted in cases in which the home could be well maintained without it."

These Socialist Commissioners then laid down the Means Test "in order that any policy of domiciliary treatment of persons in need of support may be pursued without the gravest social and economic peril, the authority charged with its administration must be so constituted as to ensure the fulfilment of three fundamental conditions. There must be, in each case dealt with, an accurate ascertainment, first, of the particular needs of the applicant; and, second, of the economic, sanitary and other circumstances of the household. There must be, further, in each case, an impartial judgment, upon uniform principles, whether, on the ascertained facts, relief or treatment in the home is necessary and desirable, and, if so, to what extent." (p. 45.)

It is to be noted that the section of the Minority Report which deals with unemployment proposed that where men cannot obtain work there should be "suitable provision, where individual saving does not suffice, for the maintenance of themselves and their households while awaiting re-employment."

Mr. John Burns, then President of the Local Government Board, on March 18th, 1910, issued a Circular to Boards of Guardians on the administration of outdoor relief. This circular states, "The Guardians should endeavour to acquire a complete knowledge of the circumstances and needs of the applicant, and should inform themselves . . . of the resources of the applicant." The Circular quotes the passage as to the Means Test from the Minority Report.

Inasmuch as the Means Test laid down by the Socialist Poor Law Commissioners in 1909 has been in force since then and no objection to it has been raised in any quarter until now, it is obvious that the present agitation for its "total abolition" is a bogus one. Uniformity of administration is undoubtedly desirable, and any legislation which secures equal treatment of similar cases throughout the country will be a welcome reform.

I may add that since 1910 well over a million unemployed men and women have come under poor relief or public assistance. Large numbers of them have been insured persons whose means are not sufficient, even with their insurance benefit. Again, there has been no complaint. W. G. TOWLER.

London Municipal Society and
National Union of Ratepayers' Associations,
Palace Chambers, S.W.1.

[The present means test is an investigation of, and an adjudication on, the needs of a particular section of the able bodied unemployed. It is carried out by the local public assistance authorities and it is not carried out upon "uniform principles." The persons dealt with are a special class who have run out of regular unemployment insurance benefit, but are still treated as being within the ambit of the Unemployment Insurance Acts (i.e., they are not ordinary poor law or public assistance cases).

The Minority Report did not contemplate such a system, and its recommendations cannot be twisted into a justification of the present means test. Nor is what Mr. John Burns said to the Boards of Guardians in 1910 relevant to the matter at issue. —ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent "A Member of S.S.I.P." has surely no adequate grounds for his fears as to the purposes of the Socialist League. It was expressly stated at the Leicester Conference that the only reason why the Draft Rules fell short of compelling members also to be individual members of the Labour Party was that this would prove a barrier to membership in certain exceptional individual cases, and an undertaking was given that every effort would be made to submit to next year's Conference an improved wording of the rule. In the meantime your correspondent can rest assured that the National Council is interpreting the Constitution in the spirit of the undertaking given.

With regard to electoral activities, the rule expressly debars the League from taking responsibility for running electoral machinery or financing particular candidates. The right which it gives to branches is merely to suggest persons for consideration as Labour Party Candidates, and to co-operate with the local Labour Party in supporting such candidates.

The rate of subscription was fixed so that as far as possible the current expenditure of the League might be covered by regular membership fees, rather than by special campaigns for funds which distract efforts from the vital tasks of Socialist research and educational propaganda. It is certainly no more than sufficient for these latter purposes; there is not the slightest intention of using it for electoral purposes which the Rules specifically forbid.

These Rules were framed after very careful consultation with the leaders of S.S.I.P., and were, in fact, modified in the course of many discussions so as to safeguard the continuance of the special research work to which I personally as a member of S.S.I.P. have always attached the greatest importance.

Hazlitt House, E. F. WISE
Southampton Buildings W.C.2. (Chairman of the Socialist League).

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have no wish to enter into a controversy which would very soon become very boring to your readers, but, in view of what is said in your issue of October 22nd in reply to my previous letter, I hope that you will allow me to state that I have not attacked the Socialist League.

To hold that it is a great mistake to allow S.S.I.P., whose main function is enquiry and research, to be swallowed up in a political body such as the Socialist League and its dominating partner the S.S.S. is surely not the same thing as attacking the Socialist League.

Some of us feel that at the present time research—investigation of the structure particularly of our own country, with a view to propaganda for the right kind of future action—is the most urgent work before the Labour Party. For while there are hundreds, if not thousands, of persons in the Party who can talk there is scarcely anyone who can help them to find out what they are talking about.

S.S.I.P. and its energetic little branches were beginning to perform this function. The members will have to see whether, after the action of the Executive, poor S.S.I.P. is really dead or whether it will be able to carry on.

6, Phené Street, S.W.3. L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE.

GEORGE CANNING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of October 22nd Mr. Harold Nicolson has referred to my views on Canning as likely to contrast with Mr. Stirling Taylor's estimate of him—"want of taste and lack of deep intellect," etc. I quite admit that Mr. Taylor "would probably be indifferent" to my opinions, but I might perhaps be allowed to express them. As a wit and rhetorician Canning did "catch the attention of the lighter journalists." I am afraid his more solid contributions have never done so. For his despatches are classics on the technical side of diplomacy and contain principles of policy still unexhausted. To give a few examples. Bismarck praised one despatch on the position of diplomatic representatives in a besieged capital and used it over Paris in 1870. Another despatch laid down the doctrine of neutrality, which the "Alabama" violated, another anticipated the decision of the Award against us. A third—the famous despatch on "guarantees"—expressed that doctrine so perfectly that it governed all British thinking on the subject till 1914. His doctrines of recognition of new States were denied by every Government in Europe at the time and have been ultimately adopted by every Government in the world since. If we turn to questions of pure policy the result is equally remarkable, the famous memorandum of Sir Eyre Crowe of Jan. 1st, 1907—Gooch and Temperley, *British Documents on Origin of War.—III*—states in one passage (pp. 402–3) what he conceives to be the aims of British policy. It is verbally reminiscent of, and might have been dictated by, Canning. Thus up till 1914 the lines of British policy, which he laid down, were substantially unchanged. In addition, he was the first statesman to perceive and use the power of public opinion in foreign affairs. Even since 1914 the course of events had been anticipated by him. He was prepared to approve of European Conferences, if three conditions were granted. (i) Meeting at a small or neutral capital. (ii) No interference in the internal affairs of States. (iii) No nation to be a judge in a cause in which it was a party. Here is a clear anticipation of the League with its capital at Geneva and machinery for adjusting disputes. Has any other British Foreign Minister, or, indeed, any British Minister whatsoever, foreseen the future in this way?

HAROLD TEMPERLEY.

THOMAS HUXLEY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In criticising Miss Llyn Irvine's very generous remarks about and quotations from my paper on T. H. Huxley in *The Great Victorians* it is fairly evident that Mr. Godfrey, whose letter appeared in your last issue, has read no more of that paper than the quotation in question which completed it. In the preceding pages of my paper I gave an account of Huxley's philosophy and pseudo-scientific point of view which were based upon his own explicit teaching, and it was that philosophy and its widespread repercussions upon modern thought which led to my concluding statement that it would have been "better and happier for mankind if he had never been born." I see no reason to repudiate nor modify that statement as a concession to Huxley's "near and distinguished relatives" or even as a form of apology to "Huxley's creator."

Neither in Greek literature nor Schopenhauer nor Wynwood Reade nor James Thomson nor the writings of any of the materialists, ancient or modern, would it be possible to find an exposition of the "Cosmical Process" so unrelievedly black as Huxley's. Well and good, a thinker is entitled to his thoughts, and if they are unpalatable or despairing, or even sinister, the more courageous he to publish them. But the point about Huxley's savage indictment of the whole universe was that it was a piece of unscientific special pleading which he covered with the cloak of science. Its scientific aspect will not bear scrutiny, and it is also disfigured by tricks of rhetoric, by the grossest a priori assumptions, by a lack of any evidential background, by dodges of literary suggestion and a fanaticism of dogma more virulent than any of the doctrines of the religious traditionalism he attacked. But so pontifical was Huxley's reputation and authority as a man of science that his misconceptions were accepted by posterity as though delivered from a Sinai of unquestionable verity. The mischief they did is beyond measure. In politics, in anthropology, in the world of industry, in professional circles of all denominations and in average opinion, they did literally poison the springs of right thinking. They gave a tremendous fillip to the more predatory elements of nationalism and industrialism; they justified war much more efficiently than Ruskin's sentimentalism and they diffused a thoroughly vulgar and brutal way of thinking about nature and the universal. No man of his age had greater integrity and force of character than Huxley. But I do not think that any man, not even Napoleon, has done more general harm to the world than he. He misled and vitiated the thought of fifty years and that was why I wrote that it would have been "better and happier for mankind if he had never been born." Those words were used as a plain statement of fact, not as an expression of emotion, and I believe them to be true.

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

CIRCULAR 1421

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In considering Circular 1421, the experience that has been gained from the application of a similar principle in technical schools should be borne in mind. At many technical schools students who cannot afford to pay the full fee are admitted at reduced fees. It is found that poor people very rarely apply for admission to such schools unless they are introduced by someone who is closely connected with their administration. It may be that they are afraid their application for reduced fees will be dismissed, and therefore all their labour will be in vain, or else they are too proud to plead poverty. On the other hand, many of those who apply for reduced fees are of the middle classes. Such students, or parents of students, are clever enough to know how to plead poverty, and they are less disconcerted by the Head of the school, who is probably of the same social class as themselves. It is inevitable when the head of the school has to rely on verbal statements that there should be some inequality between school and school, and between different applicants at the same school.

If Circular 1421 is to be administered without injustice the army of School Attendance Officers will have to be increased, and detailed investigations will have to be made to discover exactly the parents' means, but if the principle of the Circular is unjust it cannot be administered without injustice.

R. E. EVERARD.

BOMBING THEM INTO THE LEAGUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Kurds are not the only folk to be bombed into the League. A daily "hate" of bomb-dropping was a regular manœuvre at the air-stations of Aman and Maan, places situated on the Hedjaz (Mecca) railway. Arabs were the target in this instance, and presumably still are.

The special irony in this case is the circumstance that the stations of Maan and Aman were captured during the last "great" war from the Turks for the Allies (and themselves) by Arab levies under Colonel Lawrence.

Perhaps Captain Harrison or some other "authority" will explain the "military necessities" of this long-continued little war. It would be interesting to learn whether the adherents of Lawrence are included in the tribes bombed by British aviators, and also what happens to bombers who have to make forced landings. Aviators do not seem to relish this routine morning job.

NATIONAL.

EAR-RINGS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The answer to your correspondent who inquires about the influence of ear-rings on eyesight is that the virtue is in the material.

In accordance with the principle of contagious magic, gold worn on the person imparts to the body some of its own power to resist rust and all forms of decay. That the eyes may benefit it should be worn as near them as possible, i.e., in the nose or ears. Every metal and every precious stone has its own special virtue; and, in accordance with the principle of sympathetic magic, in India, that treasure house of ancient wisdom, it is the duty of rajahs to wear vast quantities of gold, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc., not for their own sakes only, but also in order indirectly to promote the prosperity of their people.

The efficiency of jewels is enhanced by correct pronunciation over them of appropriate *mantrams*. Your readers may learn from advertisement columns of Indian papers how to procure, at very reasonable prices, jewels of which the virtue has been so reinforced, which confer success in examinations, promotion in office, and marriages with auspicious, beautiful and well-dowered brides, as well as health and longevity. The advertisers are, of course, ready to supply copies of testimonials *ad lib.*

4 Park Avenue, Oxford. GILBERT SLATER.

THE NEW COMMONWEALTH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—*The New Commonwealth*—a society for the promotion of international law and order—is an international association sponsored by well-known public figures in many countries—Sir Norman Angell, Lord Cecil, Mr. J. W. Davis (former U.S.A. Ambassador in this country), Señor S. de Madariaga, Monsieur Gaston Doumergue, Monsieur Henry de Jouvenel, Ernst Jäckh, Professor W. E. Rappard, Osten Unden, etc. Its promoters contend that societies urging the man in the street to "support the League" and to demand peace are not enough; that propaganda for the prohibition of the arms forbidden to Germany, etc., arising from the natural desire to obtain "fair play" for Germany is so much beating the air because it ignores the political realities, and is indeed definitely prejudicial to the cause of peace because it encourages our instinctive inclination to make France out to be the villain of the piece, when actually the French thesis, that "sanctions" are indispensable to any system of international law and order, is indisputable, and the real culprits of the existing deadlock are the "Anglo-Saxon" peoples, who are still unwilling to shoulder their responsibilities to the world community.

We suggest that the machinery of the League of Nations needs overhauling, much in the same way as the Confederation of States in America was transformed after eight years' trial into a Federation. We are convinced that as long as States are a law unto themselves there can be no real world order and that, given the *fact* of political nationalism and the tenacity of old habits and traditions, any machinery dependent on sweet reasonableness is bound to be inadequate as a guarantee of peace. But we are no less convinced that the administration of international justice is a *sine qua non* of any rule of law, and we advocate therefore:

(1) The provision of a proper international magistracy for the reconsideration of treaties (i.e., implementing article 19 of the Covenant).

(2) The creation of an international force as the sanction of international law and as a guarantee of security for all nations.

Any further particulars and copies of the first issue of the monthly publication may be obtained from the undersigned.

The New Commonwealth, W. HORSFALL CARTER.
Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C.2.

Miscellany

WHAT LIGHT

I KNOW my Body well,
I know both foot and hand;
How far I swim in water,
How fast I walk on land;
I know what drink, I know what food
Can do my Body harm or good.

My Body is but clay;
An earthquake sucks it down
While still a Rainbow shines
And smiles as it looks on.
Yet ere that Body's gone to earth—
What light shall smile my Spirit forth?

W. H. DAVIES.

THE ROAD TO ARLES

FROM the cold huntress shorn of any veil,
Bare trees, the target of her silver spite,
Down the long avenue in staggy flight
Are hunted by the hungers of the gale:
Along the cold grey torrent of the sky
Where branch the fatal trophies of his brows,
Actaeon, antlered in their wintry boughs,
Plunges, and rears his mastiff-throttled cry.
Pride has avenging arrows for the eyes
That strip her beauty silver of disguise,
And she has dogs before whose pace to flee,
In front a waste, behind a bended bow,
And a long race across the stony Crau
Torn in each gust, and slain in every tree.

ROY CAMPBELL.

BEETHOVEN AND SCHNABEL

WHEN the famous Viennese teacher, Leschetizky, said to his young pupil: "Schnabel, you are not a pianist, you are a musician," he said something of more profound meaning than he himself probably realised. Certainly few realise the full implications of that remark when they first hear it, and, speaking for myself, it came back to me with renewed and added meaning last Saturday afternoon when listening to the first of Mr. Schnabel's Beethoven recitals at the Queen's Hall.

In order to grasp its full meaning I have to say to myself, first of all, that Mr. Schnabel is the most absolute and complete pianist I have ever heard. He is a complete master of the possibilities and resources of the pianoforte as a musical instrument, and is the purest and most absolute of pianists within my experience. But what is it that distinguishes him from the other great virtuosos of the pianoforte who, at first sight, as all gifted musicians can understand, are in Leschetizky's sense more pianists than musicians? It is something integral and fundamental, and I think we can approach nearer it by examining the word virtuoso and its meaning. The virtuoso pianist, as commonly understood, is a musician with a special, a very highly developed, gift for playing the pianoforte. This special prowess depends upon a natural endowment, and in it physical and mental qualities are intermingled. The great virtuoso is sufficiently rare for us to appreciate what a combination of factors must be required to produce him; yet this combination of gifts to which he owes his special prowess may be separated from, although it is connected with, music. To compare small things with great we may say that for a very subtle and penetrating mind even the legerdemain of a first-rate conjurer is connected with the character of his performances in some artistic sense—using the word "artistic" with a specially narrow meaning—but the separation of the legerdemain from the ultimate value of the thing achieved is fairly easy to make. We can imagine a conjurer with great legerdemain giving boring, vulgar exhibitions of his virtuosity. To a sufficiently acute perception, however, this "virtuosity" will not be true virtuosity, but something for which I will coin the word *trashosity*, since it is strictly without that virtue which is the real essence of virtuosity. Now, I would assert that nine-tenths of what passes even among the presumably cultured musical public for virtuosity is definitely mere trashosity, and that one way in which we may distinguish trashosity from virtuosity is that we are always conscious of its existing for its own sake, whereas where there is true virtuosity the means are forgotten in the end.

The great trashoso pianists are those who make us most conscious that they are pianists, and display most obviously the characteristics of the pianoforte as a musical instrument and all that they can do with it. Now, it is clear that Mr. Schnabel is not a pianist of this sort at all, and this is what Leschetizky meant when he said: "Schnabel, you are not a pianist, you are a musician." On the other hand, Mr. Schnabel possesses such a pianistic virtuosity that his successes when playing leave us conscious of hearing only music, and the pianoforte is completely abolished and forgotten. In his hands the pianoforte becomes a perfect microcosm of the universe of musical tones, and we hear nothing but a pure realisation of music. This is a phenomenon that in all my experience of hearing virtuosos I have never known before, and to me it now makes all other pianoforte playing terribly unsatisfying.

In this case, the musician and the virtuoso being one, I will try to give some of the impressions I received listening to those four Beethoven sonatas last Saturday. Before the concert began I happened to glance at some of the notes written specially for this series by the well-known German musicologist, Dr. Hugo Leichtentritt, and they seemed to me admirable, such as one would expect from a good musician and a scholar. But no sooner had the music begun to be re-created by Mr. Schnabel than one was made aware that such programme notes (and any other notes that could be written by any scholar whatsoever !) were complete nonsense and had nothing at all to do with what one was hearing. This is no reflection on Dr. Leichtentritt (who, to begin with, is much more of a musician and scholar than I am); it is simply the result of the gulf which must ever separate creative genius and scholarship in any art. When Shakespeare writes :

> What haste looks through his eyes ! So should he look,
> That seems to speak things strange.

or

> Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

or

> I will be gone :
> My being here it is, that keeps thee hence.

or

> I could weep,
> And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy.

or

> I shall fall
> Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
> And no man see me more.

any commentary of scholarship is utterly irrelevant to the quintessential poetry. The poetry makes its effect as it comes, or it does not; but I think all descriptions or classifications of the effect alien to it. The genius of the poet is equally present in all these manifestations, and divisions into early, middle, and late Shakespeare are superficial and irrelevant. So these divisions into early, middle, and late Beethoven are equally absurd. Each of those four sonatas played on Saturday from Opus 2 to Opus 110 was a work of art of absolute and complete genius, and I am sure that to those who heard them they sounded nothing whatever like the descriptions of them given in the programme notes.

> There is an air comes from her : What fine chisel
> Could ever yet cut breath ?

Is that early or middle or late Shakespeare ? And can one say anything of the very early Sonata in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1, except that it sounds strange, magical, and perfect, like any other complete work of art, early or late, by Beethoven ? It is a characteristic of Mr. Schnabel's perfect realisation of these sonatas that each one of them sounded profound, mysterious, and absolute.

And this illumined for me something Mr. Schnabel had said years ago, on which I had often reflected, for at that time I had not understood it. He said that he could find no difference between the music of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert. Now, that is a very hard saying. But listening on Saturday to those sonatas taken from the extremes of Beethoven's creative period and feeling the completeness and uniqueness of each, I found that I had quite lost the feeling that they were ever Beethoven's. Never have I had such a strong impression of listening to quintessential music —pure, moving forms in sound, as one might see a range of mountains as pure, changing forms of light.

But is not this just the hall-mark of the greatest art, that it is super-personal ? Is not this exactly what we call in our poetry the Shakespearean quality, so clear in the lines I have quoted, in which nothing of personal idiosyncrasy is perceptible ? In this sense, when Keats, Shelley, and Shakespeare are greatest they may cease to be distinguishable, since their art comes from a common fountain of absolute purity; and it is in this sense that I now understand Mr. Schnabel's remark about the sameness of the music of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert.

W. J. TURNER.

A TRAGEDY OF SCHOOL LIFE

THE following comments upon *Children in Uniform*, at the Duchess Theatre, are made from the point of view of one who had been impressed by the film, *Mädchen in Uniform*.

I was far more moved by the film, and I have no doubt that I should have enjoyed the play more had I never seen the film. I should have noticed then the sincerity with which an interesting and novel theme was treated on the stage rather than any failure to make the most of a story quivering with vitality. That theme is one which makes a most direct assault upon the emotions : the bewildered sufferings of a child who is tortured through her affections, and discovers that the very feelings which make life worth living to her and make her worth something in her own eyes are treated by others, for some incomprehensible reason, as vile. Loneliness, innocence, bewilderment, helplessness are four powerful elements in dramatic pathos, and in this setting they are thrown into relief by the heroine's surroundings, by the unbending discipline and youthful high spirits surrounding her. As everybody knows by this time, the story is that of a sensitive orphan girl who becomes passionately attached to a schoolmistress in a school where emotions are sternly repressed, and commits suicide in despair. All depends upon the effectiveness with which three parts are acted : the headmistress, Fraulein von Nordeck, played at the Duchess Theatre by Miss Kathleen Nesbitt; Fraulein von Bernburg, the beloved schoolmistress (Miss Joyce Bland); and the heroine herself, Manuela von Ehrenhardt. In the film these three parts were interpreted with a perfection that made it one of the most memorable we have seen in London. On the stage, Miss Joyce Bland modelled herself closely, and with the most happy results, upon Fraulein Dorothea Wiek; and, what was still more remarkable, Miss Jessica Tandy, as the orphan girl, though a completely different type from the film actress, achieved a pathos and ecstatic naturalness not inferior to hers. The headmistress, however, though Miss Kathleen Nesbitt's trenchant dignity and acid severity deservedly won applause, lacked the formidable force of her predecessor. She was incapable of just *that* rasping and imposing hardness.

Comparison between the play and the film inevitably leads one to reflect upon the kind of effects which are so easy in the one case and so difficult in the other. What is easiest in film-drama is precisely what taxes most the skill of the stage-dramatist. Nothing is easier than to create an atmosphere on the film; nothing is harder, without wasting time, on the stage. The atmosphere of this military school for the daughters of German officers was incomparably more real and exciting in the film. The mass-vitality of the scenes of school-life was conveyed with a thoroughness and completeness the stage cannot rival, which has to suggest all that by means of dialogue. On the stage, instead of that stimulatingly rapid movement from the outset, the play began by moving too slowly. Time was wasted. On the other hand, the scene between the infatuated girl and her beloved mistress stood out in still greater relief on the stage. The dormitory scene was lifeless compared with the pictures of the girls undressing and larking; but the interview between Manuela and Fraulein von Bernburg gained in intensity, though Miss Joyce Bland followed almost exactly the pose and movements of Dorothea Wiek. There was one moment which might have been more effective, or just as effective, on the stage, and was not. There was a failure in production at the point when Manuela, drunk with punch and the triumph of her performance in theatricals, continues her wild confession of devotion in spite of the presence of the headmistress. The latter has been sent for by another mistress who had overheard the child's raving speech about the chemise, and her certainty that she is now loved in return. More care in timing and arranging this entry might have made this moment more tragically painful; the production missed it. The clamour of the other children should die ominously down while Manuela is still speaking and before her ecstasy is shot dead by the few deadly words of the headmistress.

In the film it struck me that the balance of responsibility for the tragedy was more fairly held. In the play the young schoolmistress seemed hardly to blame at all.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mr. Wilson's Tragedy.

EMIL LUDWIG'S chronicle play, *Versailles*, produced at the Kingsway Theatre for members of the recently founded Independent Theatre Club, should be seen by all who can get there. Too many critics, I think, have regarded it as they might regard a show in which Tussaud's figures unexpectedly gained movement and speech: the very familiarity of the persons has blinded them to the genuine dramatic quality in the treatment of Clemenceau, Wilson, Nansen and Basil Zaharoff. There is some excuse for this. In spite of the actors, Lloyd George, Paderewski and a good many other characters remain waxen marionettes, and represent nothing but the author's view of their opinions. It is very different with the chief characters. Clemenceau, finely acted by Mr. Sam Livesey, is really life-like. The French atheist, who has lost his religious faith but kept his religious emotion, so that La Gloire is for him Almighty God, La Belle France is Our Lady, and Security is Holy Church, is amazingly genuine. Ludwig conveys with admirable fairness Clemenceau's superior culture, his wide range of knowledge, his unscrupulous insight into human motives; at the same time he exposes, and excuses, his will to make mischief. In the scene with Nansen (Nigel Clarke), pleading for the starving Germans and Russians, we get for a moment spirited conflict, a conflict in which Clemenceau knows and admits that he is wrong, though he persists in his own way. The play's triumph, however, is Woodrow Wilson (Bromley Davenport). Ludwig does not make the error of showing Wilson as sympathetic. He is simply right. He is shown as narrow-minded, scholastic, donnish, but rightly amazed at Europe's obstinacy in adhering to ways of thought that are outmoded as well as wrong. He has come as a friend; he has a solution, and he is treated as an enemy by men who seem to spend their time in finding historical precedents for fatal blunders. To-day we know how extravagant those blunders were, and how expensive: and it is a little satisfaction to know that already there must be few people who could be found to say a good word of any item of the peace treaty, except the beaten Wilson's Fourteen Points. The production, by Komisarjevsky, is on the whole very successful. The stage is rather too shallow for an impressive presentation of the first scene, in which crowds on balconies greet the arrival of Wilson in Paris; and the handling of the large party in the second act was rather muddled and uncertain. There should, in both these scenes, have been imposed a quieter, more ominous atmosphere against which the clamour would have been far more effective. The scenery is pleasantly extravagant, and the treatment of the more intimate scenes—for instance, where Clemenceau and Lloyd George meet alone in enmity or guarded friendliness, and where Clemenceau is in bed after the attempt on his life—is excellent. Anyone who wants a moving spectacle and some moments of tragic interest should contrive to see this play.

A Steel Front

The armies of nice people who flocked to *Autumn Crocus* last year will not be disappointed with *Service*, Miss Dodie Smith's second play, at Wyndham's, although the "love-interest" is hardly more than a background. Severer critics will find her combination of sentiment and humour less effective when applied to so grandiose a theme as the slump in relation to a large, old-established departmental store. Too clearly does the silver lining—Miss Smith actually uses a rainbow for her final curtain—peep through to remind us that nice people always get their reward and that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. Gabriel Service, threatened with ruin, is dissuaded by his children from selling out to a merely vulgar money-maker. They rally to his help with new steel furniture designs and earnest intentions in the gowns department. Can he pull through? The answer comes in the form of a sudden customer who wants to furnish two liners with the steel furniture. The audience sighs with relief and, one hopes, perhaps a little *ennui*. Nevertheless Miss Smith tells her simple story brightly, and provides an amusing group of minor characters. Particularly well-drawn is Benton (Mr. J. H. Roberts), the stick-in-the-mud clerk who is dismissed but makes good with his wife in a teashop. Mr. Leslie Banks as Gabriel is more effective in the office than in the home, where his emotions, being less suppressed, reveal a flimsiness for which the authoress must be held responsible.

Two Galleries

Sir William Rothenstein shows, at Messrs. Agnew's, a further instalment of his own National Portrait Gallery. Once more I am struck by this artist's unselfish genius for portraiture. He never sacrifices his subject in order to make an effect, either cheap or brilliant, as is the way of too many portrait-artists. Then he has an almost unfailing skill in adjusting his method to his sitter—compare, for instance, the bold treatment of *T. S. Eliot* with the gentle dignity of *Havelock Ellis*, and contrast this again with the vigour of *Robert Bridges* and the defiance of *H. W. Nevinson*. There has been no period in European art when these portraits would not have been acclaimed as work of the highest value; and if to-day there are to be found some who decry them, it is because we have grown too lenient to artists who, in their work, try to satisfy nothing but their own vanity. Sir William can be depended upon for a likeness, and the documentary value of these drawings is considerable, though not all have the compelling necessity and economy of line which distinguish the *Charles Conder* and *W. H. Hudson*. The accompanying small landscapes, especially the two glowing studies, *Kenilworth Castle*, are very satisfying in their quiet fidelity and unforced picturesque. Mr. Frank Dobson's water-colours at the same gallery are vivid presentations of the English country, with a subtle insinuation of underlying rhythm and pattern. *A Dorset Panorama*, *Egdon Heath* and *The Storm* are particularly successful combinations of romantic suggestion and pictorial compression. With them are several pieces of Mr. Dobson's recent sculpture, including a fine female head. At Messrs. Tooth's Miss Nadia Benois reaches a further stage in her steady development. *St. Paul* and *Vale of Health* are extremely good landscapes. Mature works of contemporary impressionism, they are alive with light and with alert, happily graduated colour based on sound design. While too much that is superficial fills the galleries, this exhibition may be safely recommended.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, October 28th—
- "Never Come Back," Phoenix Theatre.
- "All for Joy," Piccadilly Theatre.
- Kutcher Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Saturday, October 29th—
- Rugby Football—London Scottish v. Oxford University, Richmond.
- Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 3.
- Gieseking, Grotrian Hall, 5.30.
- B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

Sunday, October 30th—
- C. Delisle Burns on "The Contributions of the Artist to Civilisation," Conway Hall, 11.
- Edith How-Martyn on "Modern Family Life," Hampstead Ethical Society, 158a, Mill Lane, N.W.6., 6.15.
- C. Addison on "Agriculture—A Socialist Reconstruction," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.

Monday, October 31st—
- "The Bear Dances," Garrick Theatre.

Tuesday, November 1st—
- Chrysanthemum Show, Horticultural Hall.
- Israel Cohen on "Development in Palestine," Friends House, Euston Square. 1.20
- "For Services Rendered," Globe Theatre.
- Elizabeth Schumann, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, November 2nd—
- B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- D. N. Pritt on "Soviet Law and Justice," Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 8.

Thursday, November 3rd—
- Schnabel, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE Secret Service offers fine material for a novel: it may be questioned whether novelists offer equally fine material for the Secret Service. I do not say that as Secret Agents of His Majesty's Government Mr. Compton Mackenzie and Mr. Knoblock were anything but efficient, industrious and brave. I say only that their fictional and dramatic talents found in the Aegean a scope which, when one reads about it in cold blood, makes the blood run colder still. Nor do I wish to imply that Mr. Compton Mackenzie's third instalment of *Greek Memories* (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) is in any way less authentic or less amusing than its two predecessors. On the contrary, this latest instalment is even more exciting, vivid and entertaining than anything in this manner which Mr. Compton Mackenzie has produced. Yet it has confirmed me in a conviction which I have derived from much experience of the several competitive branches of the British Secret Service. And the conviction is this. The Secret Service is far more danger than it is worth.

* * *

Mr. Compton Mackenzie has not spared his criticisms, explicit and implied, of the Service of which he once formed so illustrious an ornament. Yet the unobservant reader might study this book without recognising the Secret Service as the drab and dowdy thing it is. He might be left with the impression of motor boats foaming out into the Aegean, of powerful Bentleys roaring through the thyme-scented night of Attica, of strong men grasping revolvers while the feet of their enemies sounded on the stairs. Such incidents occur but rarely. The true picture of any Director of Secret Intelligence would be the picture of a man, with a cup of luke-warm tea beside him, fiddling with endless files. Apart from this error in tone and emphasis, Mr. Mackenzie's portrait of the artist as an Intelligence Officer is almost painfully accurate. The bickering between M.I.1c, M.I.5, and the D.I.D. Admiralty, was but as the cooing of doves compared to the rivalry established between Alexandria and Salonica, between Salonica and Athens. Mr. Mackenzie, with great deftness, indicates the waste of human energy, or private efficiency, of public money, entailed by these conflicting directorates. He goes farther. He makes it evident that the very functions and organisation of the Secret Service must end in irresponsibility, fantasy and the wildest escapades. A system under which your right hand is never allowed to know what the left is doing produces St. Vitus's dance. "Sir Francis Elliot," writes Mr. Mackenzie, "was inclined at first to think that we were exceeding our prerogatives." I share the British Minister's inclination; but, unlike him, I retain it till the end. Diplomacy, if it is to function without danger, must be tightly swathed in red tape: Mr. Mackenzie cut that tape: Captain de Roquefeuil deliberately went about seeking for red tape to burn: and the result was one of the most ghastly diplomatic episodes which has ever occurred. I do not imply, of course, that Mr. Mackenzie was responsible for the December "massacre" at Athens: far from it—had his advice been taken that unhappy humiliation would not have occurred: but certain French agents were responsible, and their methods, as distinct from the intelligence with which they were used, were not so very dissimilar from the methods of some British agents.

* * *

To that extent Mr. Mackenzie's memoirs will serve a really important function. They will serve to convince all serious people that never again must the Secret Service be allowed to get so completely out of control. To place in the hands of adventurous and imaginative young men the unlimited power of acting ruthlessly, irresponsibly and above all secretly, is to expose them to a temptation which adolescent nature is unable to resist. Inevitably does the "constant inquisitiveness" expected of them lead to a neurotic habit of suspicion: inevitably are they tempted to justify their existence, and to relieve their own nervous tension, by "producing results": and, since their agents are recruited from the least estimable elements, the "results" inevitably lead to much inaccuracy, some cruelty, boundless indiscretion, and a series of schoolboy escapades. It must be admitted, of course, that the situation at Athens during 1916 was exceptional to a degree. It must be recognised also that the atmosphere of that garrulous capital has never been a sedative atmosphere, and that the partisan passion of the Athenians infects foreign residents with a similar lack of balance. And, above all, it must be accorded in justice to Mr. Mackenzie that, however much he may have desired to carry out the policy of the home Government, it was quite impossible for him to ascertain what on earth that policy was. We find him again and again girding at the Delphic utterances which reached the Legation from Downing Street. It is not surprising that Mr. Mackenzie should have felt enraged at the inability of his official superiors to provide him with precise instructions. Yet it is somewhat surprising that he should not have understood the reasons for that inability. The British Government, in fact, found themselves in a cleft stick. On the one hand, they were assured by Sarrail and the French Government that the machinations attributed to King Constantine were endangering the Salonica army. On the other hand, they were disinclined to behave in Greece exactly as the Germans had behaved in Belgium. They thus tended characteristically to leave the responsibility more and more to the French. Their attidude was not, perhaps, very noble: but it was intensely English: it is odd that a Scotchman of Mr. Mackenzie's acuteness should not have understood it at the time.

* * *

Mr. Mackenzie himself would probably disclaim for his *Greek Memories* any intention of dealing with the ethics of the Secret Service or the shrouded preoccupations of Sir Edward Grey. He would contend, in all probability, that the book is meant to be an accurate reflection of exceptional adventures, and that as such it should not be exposed to the heavy criticisms which I have sketched above. I think he would be justified in such a contention. As a book, as a record of adventure, as a reflection of atmosphere, as a gallery of portraits, these *Greek Memories* are superb. You have a succession of Conan Doyle stories, of what are called "hair-breadth" escapes: you have certain unforgettable characters—Clarence, Miss Chapman, the messenger Wagner, Markham the chauffeur: and above all, you have a series of vivid scenes—Venizelos black and silent at the Te Deum for King Constantine's birthday—Sir Francis Elliot "waving his umbrella and ordering everybody to stop firing at once." And in addition, you have some really memorable passages of literary description:

> Everything is moving past us in music and colour. Gun crews salute from the shore batteries. Flags signal our arrival. Flags dip in salute. Sentries are presenting arms. Fortifications, houses, faces at windows, bright curtains are swimming past us on either side until at last we reach the inner harbour where the battleship will spend some weeks refitting. The band has ceased to play its jaunty tune. The scene no longer moves. The world seems to have come to an end for a moment and then begins again in the bustle and noise of disembarkation.

For Mr. Mackenzie as a literary artist I have nothing but admiration. Yet I am unable to rid myself of the acute alarm with which, as head of our Secret Service in Greece, he filled me at the time. Mr. Mackenzie records how in July of 1916, a correspondent addressed him as "The Ambassador of the British Embassy, Athens." There were moments when we in the Foreign Office might have felt that this superscription was not so very wide of the mark.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

MR. WELLS AND SIR OSWALD MOSLEY

After Democracy. By H. G. WELLS. Watts. 7s. 6d.

The Greater Britain. By OSWALD MOSLEY. B.U.F. 2s. 6d.

Mr. H. G. Wells has probably exercised more influence upon the minds of young men and women than any other living writer—more even, I am inclined to think, than Bernard Shaw. Sir Oswald Mosley has so far had no noticeable influence of any kind. Yet it is correct to review their books together. For the ideas embodied in Sir Oswald's book represent the most direct threat to the achievement of the World State which Mr. Wells has been describing to us with so much vivacity and insight for the last forty years.

Superficially there is a certain resemblance between their doctrines. Both Mr. Wells and Sir Oswald Mosley describe themselves as revolutionaries: both regard our present Parliamentary system as a ludicrous anachronism, both aim at the formation of a corps of young people pledged to the fulfilment of a single social ideal. Sir Oswald declares that it would be dishonest to describe his movement as anything but Fascist, though English Fascism may not closely follow the Italian model. Mr. Wells is willing to describe the members of his new society as Liberal Fascists or Communist Revisionists or enlightened Nazis. They are both "planners," both contemptuous of the old party game and of *laisser-faire*. But there the resemblance ends abruptly. For Mr. Wells' society may not acknowledge allegiance to any unit smaller than the world and Sir Oswald's Fascists are to be concerned solely with cultivating nationalism.

Mr. Wells' book contains a number of recent articles and addresses, dealing with the progress of the *Open Conspiracy* and the purposes which should actuate its component groups, with the prospects of internationalism, with the solution of the money muddle, with divorce and Russia and—in an admirable B.B.C. address—with his willingness to lose his own individuality in the general communal consciousness. The essentials of Mr. Wells' political philosophy have not changed since *Anticipations* in 1900, and he complains very justly that every time he restates his thesis he is charged with departing from a simple faith in democratic institutions which he never possessed. He first described his proposed group of responsible, voluntarily organised and disciplined rulers as "The New Republic": in *The Modern Utopia* he called them "the Samurai." The *Research Magnificent* is an account of a young man cursed with the same idea of a new aristocracy which would govern because it proved itself worthy to govern. The *Open Conspiracy* was another effort to persuade groups of enlightened people to organise themselves for the purposes he had at heart, and his address to the Liberal Summer School this year, which is reprinted in the present book, amounts to a declaration that he has ceased to hope for much from the Labour Party, but still thought it just worth while to try to persuade Liberals to forget their immediate political ambitions and turn their energies towards the finer and more disinterested pursuit of social transformation. A footnote to this address, also republished in this book, appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in August. These suggestions have not fallen on altogether stony ground: small Wellsian groups have been formed in various parts of the country, and I note that the new circular put forward by the Federation of Progressive Societies embodies many of Mr. Wells' ideas and has even, I think, some marks of the Master's own drafting.

In appealing to a new Liberalism Mr. Wells coins a remarkable new definition. "Liberalism," he says, "is the implicit recognition of the possibility of one prosperous and progressive world community of just, kindly, free-spirited, freely thinking, and freely speaking human beings, and it is a struggle to release humanity from all that impedes our present realisation of that possibility." Mr. Wells, that is, is the direct spiritual heir of eighteenth-century humanism. He believes, as St. Pierre, Voltaire and Condorcet believed, in science, in freedom, in internationalism, in progress, and in "the perfectibility of mankind." His Liberalism is unspoilt by the Nonconformist mixture which made the Liberal Party in this country so confused but also so powerful an influence in the last century. He differs from most of his eighteenth-century predecessors mainly because, with 150 years of capitalist industrialism behind him, he knows that an uncontrolled right of private property means not freedom but bondage for the majority. Therefore, he is a Socialist as well as a Liberal. In the same way Mr. Wells is free from the delusion of Condorcet and his contemporaries that universal prosperity would be the automatic outcome of free-trade. Mr. Wells adds to his free-trade doctrine that production and distribution cannot be left to *laisser-faire*, but must be planned in a world socialist community. Nationalism, therefore, becomes to him the great enemy and those who follow under his banner are to have no truck with kings, nor to remain satisfied with empires, and to fight resolutely and continuously against the petty demands of the small States which now quarrel and build up rival armaments and try, by shutting out one another's goods, each to benefit itself at the expense of the rest.

It is at this point that Mr. Wells is confronted with Sir Oswald Mosley and all that he stands for. What, Sir Oswald asks in effect, is the use of dreaming this old dream of an international economic system when there is at present scarcely a sign of co-operation between National Governments? Uninterested in Mr Wells' warning, that we are heading for another world war, and contemptuous of a Liberalism or Socialism which hopes to accomplish social reorganisation by reason, Sir Oswald calls for the same devotion and idealism to which Mr. Wells appeals, but he summons it to gather round the ancient and ugly emblem of the Roman Fasces, to organise for physical violence and to worship at the altar of the sovereign State. Whereas the present world depression, coming as it does at a time when scientific advance enables us so easily to over-produce with much less labour than ever before, makes Mr. Wells even surer that our prosperity depends on international co-operation, Sir Oswald sees it only as an opportunity for building the Corporate State, economically self-sufficing and having, he argues, the further advantage of getting rid of class war by including both masters and men in a series of industrial corporations.

Sir Oswald's conception is only the *reductio ad absurdum* of the nationalism which is now raging all over Europe, indeed over the whole world. The problem for those who have shared Mr. H. G. Wells' vision and who hold with him that there can be no peace or prosperity while the world is divided into petty "sovereign" States, is to find a firm basis of union. The Federation of Progressive Societies and the small groups which have recently

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sprung up under Mr. Wells' inspiration are composed, one presumes, of intelligent and enthusiastic persons who disinterestedly want to promote peace, sanity and a scientific attitude towards social problems. But if they are not allied to any great economic force, will not their influence necessarily be of a very limited kind ? It must be noted that the objects which Mr. Wells suggests for his " Modern Socialist Society " (he also calls it " The Z Society ") include not only educational changes which one could imagine being in part at least achieved by it, but also the socialisation of industry, a new currency system and a concerted attack on great vested interests like the Armament Trusts.

Now, Liberalism fought great interests and won in the nineteenth century largely because it was the political and intellectual expression of the material as well as the spiritual needs of an emergent middle class ; and the underlying reason for its decline to-day is that the economic interests of the middle class are now mainly Conservative, while the impetus towards progressive change has been transferred to the working class. The arena of struggle has, therefore, moved, and to-day we have to face a clash of two great economic forces—that of organised labour, which is not at present in this country communistic, and that of organised property, which has already rallied to itself the irrational forces of nationalism, but which has not as yet in this country, in spite of Sir Oswald Mosley, shown any marked signs of becoming Fascist. In England, I believe, reason may still play a major part in this struggle ; we may reach a solution without the bloodshed and chaos and loss of liberty which have been its results in many other countries. If so, and if the ideals of which Mr. Wells is the foremost spokesman in England are to win, Mr. Wells' new progressive societies must not hold themselves aloof from the mass of organised Labour. Mr. Wells' disgust with the Labour Party, as we saw it in office from 1929–31, is shared within the Labour Party to-day as well as outside it. But his ideas of revolution by reason have perhaps penetrated farther into the ranks of Labour than he now imagines and it is only in so far as his " Modern Socialist Party " can impregnate and lead the Socialist Labour Party that it can hope to exercise the vital and energising function he calls upon it to perform.

KINGSLEY MARTIN.

NEW NOVELS

Taia. By A. T'SERSTEVENS. Barker. 7s. 6d.

A Pattern in Yellow. By KATHLEEN HEWITT. Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.

Fever Heat. By J. M. FRANK. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Lover's Leap. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

One Stair Up. By CAMPBELL NAIRNE. Porpoise Press. 7s. 6d.

A Few People. By M. L. HASKINS. Dickson. 7s. 6d.

Promenade Deck. By ISHBEL ROSS. Harper. 7s. 6d.

Charming Manners. By JOHN MICHAELHOUSE. Dent. 7s. 6d.

A good deal of novel reading nowadays is like taking " the long, long trail a-winding into the land " of somebody else's dreams and being jammed in a traffic block of theme, atmosphere, plot and character on the way there. The author stands like a policeman in a cross road muddle while patiently we hope that some impulse of order will seize him, or that some spirit of speedy and economical rebellion will seize one of his characters and disperse the congestion. But no, the traffic block is the symbol of the age. The novelist cannot be too slow, too explanatory of the obvious—this is what psychology has done for the novel—nor too congested. One has only to read the long best-sellers of the last year to see that in these times when, as some solemn folk say, the public is distracted by the pursuit of pleasure and has no time for serious reading, it is engrossed in books whose laborious dullness and slowness the most wordy Victorians would have been ashamed of.

But every now and then, adjusting the metaphor, a streamline sports model breaks the line and gets away, and the sheer relief of speed is a recommendation. A book which does not chug up the long hill to the well-known literary beauty spots and park there with the rest, but speeds away on its own pleasure, is something to follow. *Taia* is such a book. Its mechanism is smooth running and delicate, its pace excellent, and it is undeterred from its purpose. Its secret is its serenity in its own pace ; there is none of that air of " I-am-trying-to-be-a-great-novel-like-one-of-Thomas-Hardy's " about it. *Taia* is not trying to be a great novel and in consequence it almost manages to be a good one. Briefly, it is the account of how a retired French naval officer, sailing for pleasure to the Dalmatian coast in 1914, became involved with a young princess who reigned over the delightful society of spies and political exiles there and who was, as he discovered, the chief influence in the political intrigue against the Austrians which led to the Sarajevo murders. She is, as it turns out, a Hapsburg planning Sarajevo against her family in revenge for the murder of her parents, and the author goes so far as to claim that he is writing history. However this may be, *Taia* is not mere Phillips Oppenheim nor Ruritanian light opera, though it has the full complement of personages, uniforms and moustachios ; islands like fatal jewels, motor launches always in attendance, and, in the princess, a *femme fatale.* One thinks indeed at times of a Loti with less melancholy and more spirit, so lucid is the prose and sensuous, yet not redundant, the evocation of the Mediterranean scene. And the love affair is no crude sublimation of the sensual itch, but is pure romance as delicate as a fairy tale—a fairy tale without innocence and *sans-gêne*. Any dissatisfaction we feel about the story comes from the author's conviction that he is writing history. The result of this is that he tends to state many things which ought to have been narrated : an author who knows his end too well is inclined to push into the background what delays him : his revelation is more important than the arts and wiles of revealing. Too much of the political intrigue and mystery is just outside the novel's focus.

Mr. t'Serstevens does not tell us anything more than we need to know about his characters. One is not conscious of sacrifices to speed. In *A Pattern in Yellow* there is pace but there is also scrappiness. Miss Hewitt's chief character is an English girl who has left her husband and a sheltered life to live with a handsome, reckless and indolent he-man in South Africa, to endure the hostility of a bungaloid community, the ferocity of an exotic country and semi-starvation. The girl and her lover are hardly more than sketches, and the general scene is a goodish piece of blunt impressionism, a little sickening like too bright a glare. We accept the sordidness of the community, the dirtiness of Mrs. Tilt, the shivering madness of Mr. Lucy—he is well done—and the general atmosphere of meanness and ignorance on the condition that in the character of the English girl who has Miss Hewitt's sympathy there will be some hint of what she thinks decent values are. Alas, a hackneyed and romantic eroticism is all that seems to stand behind a book which has the virtue of a jazz record you daren't play more than once.

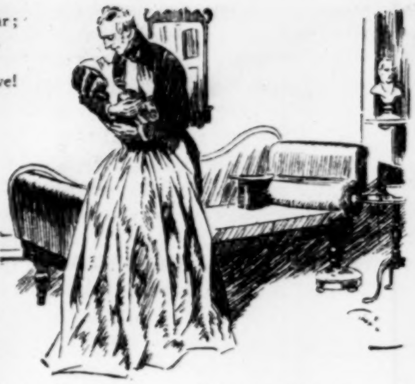
Still, there was a speed entirely lacking in *Fever Heat*, one of those long, meritorious novels harping on that fighting, steely note of masculinity, half-fact and half-ideal, common in recent German fiction. The characters present a stiff chin and an iron front to the reader. It is to be strictly understood that grimness and purpose are the orders of the day. This stoicism gives German fiction a dignity and purpose lost to the average English novel. But politics by themselves have a boring provinciality even when, as in *Fever Heat*, the object of the book is to denounce politics because of their interference in things that transcend them. Our sympathies go out to Dr. Rainer in his attempt to run a school without being involved with the political factions. But Dr. Rainer is not altogether a man, he is a point of view. And unless one is immensely interested in knowing about the repercussions of politics in everyday German provincial life, one is disinclined to watch the battle of a point of view in its petty diurnal detail. *Fever Heat* is a slow, informative, carefully written book, but there is no sky in it. One might as well read the newspapers.

A short way with the other authors in this list might be to recommend them the diary method used by Mr. Martin Armstrong in *Lover's Leap*, for the diary automatically precludes excessive dialogue, cuts down scenic vegetation, and telescopes redundant exits and entrances. About *Lover's Leap* my complaint is that, if anything, Mr. Armstrong has sacrificed many valuable qualities in lightening himself and speeding up. Atmosphere, theme, character and dialogue were always gathered harmoniously together into a delicate effulgence by him. His fastidious pen rarely wrote a word too much, and in two of the writers in this diary-novel one misses the poetry and glow. The third diary writer is, so far as I know, a creature entirely new to Mr. Martin Armstrong's pen, and she is excellent. She is a crude, romantic, self-dramatising, vital and foolish young woman. The story has a moral : the voracity and insistence of a lover kills the love in the partner whom he would absorb. Philip, the first diarist, is made to explain, without realising it,

G H

'I've learn'd to love thee, in thy absence, dear;
Pray pardon me, if now I love thee here' . . .
Arnold, in raptures with this stroke of love,
Glimpsed her two joys; and envied not high Jove!

from



Jane Hollybrand

Printed by the Author in 1867, and now first republished, the Original Poems of EDWARD EDWIN FOOT are at last receiving the recognition they deserve (vide *Times Literary Supplement, October 13*). This charming little volume is appropriately illustrated by THORPE, of *Punch*. 5*s*

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Gerald Howe

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how he has thus driven his Rose away from him; and when he later meets Meriel, the romantic lady who becomes his mistress, he finds himself in Rose's position. Relentlessly pursued, badgered, idealised, watched and tended, he has finally to break with Meriel. She is easily the most alive character in the book in the literary and the other sense. Philip and Rose are shades, the one diffident and the other ideal. Two things show the skill of the practised novelist; the change in Philip's handling of the two women, and the final laconic announcement of Meriel's death. This comes as a violent shock to the reader, a shock that for the moment seems too harsh for the conversational tone of the book; but upon reflection one sees that in killing Meriel Mr. Martin Armstrong gave her the final and indubitable stamp of life. This is not one of Mr. Armstrong's best novels; parts of it are even trite, but Meriel is worth having.

One Stair Up is an almost meal by meal picture of lower middle class life in Edinburgh under the occasional poetic attendance of the Rock, by an observant and sympathetic author who is not yet able to make a sight translation from fact into imagination. The dialogue of the talkie-haunting young people is well recorded, but the possibilities in them are not very far developed. ***A Few People*** deals with the conflict of loyalties in a Cotswold farm where a blind soldier has the undivided devotion of his friend until an early love and a vivid Canadian girl come to disturb their self-imposed restraints. The book has the sobriety of a grey day in the English countryside, and with a somewhat wordy piety the people are conscientiously followed in and out of doors. It is rather a family affair, negative, competent.

Promenade Deck is a dead and alive study of what happens to people when they go on a pleasure cruise and lack of exercise and hot weather undermine morale. Miss Ross's people are all types and she has done nothing with them beyond exhibit them in a monotonous state of sexual restlessness. *Charming Manners* is distinctly better. The author has tried, in the picture of a young curate renouncing the Church and going over, via philandering and mild sin, to the stage, to present the character of a charming person. He certainly charms the other characters, but he seemed to me merely feckless and egotistical, and I have profound doubts about his profound nature.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

MANCHURIA

Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict. By OWEN LATTIMORE. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Lattimore's book is entitled *Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict.* Its name is deserved, for it is the most learned and penetrating study available in English of a region which is the meeting place of three civilisations, the Chinese, the Western, and the Russian. It is also, however, much more. It is among the most subtle and instructive works written in recent years on China herself.

The chief difficulty of a Western student of China is not merely to know the facts, though that is often difficult enough. It is to interpret them when known. He instinctively looks for causation of a kind to which he is accustomed; not finding it, he has the sensation of being lost in a meaningless welter of unending confusion, in which the aims and motives of actors and victims are unintelligible. Mr. Lattimore has done much to supply him with keys. He is by training an anthropologist, who has travelled in Manchuria, Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan. But most serious work in the social sciences must be done in the debatable land between the abstractions which, for purposes of academic convenience, are labelled as subjects, and geography, law and economics are all brought into his picture. The result is a book which it is difficult to praise too highly.

Most recent discussions of the Manchurian question have been vitiated by certain fundamental misconceptions. Influenced by analogies drawn from European and American expansion in the nineteenth century, publicists have spoken of Manchuria as though it were a virgin territory; a no-man's land; a blank page on which the most successful of rival claimants could write what characters they pleased: a passive recipient of external influences the impress of which it would take but to which it would not react. It has been treated as a country with a future, but no past. The significance of the impact on it of competing foreign influences has been grasped; but the special character of the environment in which the struggle between them takes place, if considered at all, has not infrequently been treated as of secondary importance.

This treatment of the subject rests on illusions. It ignores the forces which have given the three Eastern provinces of China their distinctive character, and policies based on it are likely to break down. That character has taken its stamp from a well-defined historical process continuing for many centuries, which has consisted in an alternation between recurrent descents on China of barbarian tribes from the north and Chinese reactions which threw back the invaders. From, at any rate, the fourth century to the overthrow of the Ming dynasty by the Manchus in the middle of the seventeenth, this double movement went on; and the developments of the last two and a half centuries, immensely accelerated in the last thirty years by Western technique, must be read against the background created by it. The result has been twofold. On the one hand, the region north of the Wall has for many centuries been permeated by Chinese culture, its rulers, instead of imposing on China, when they mastered it, their own institutions and habits of life, becoming founders of Chinese dynasties, and modelling on Chinese examples the government of the territories from which they sprang, much as the barbarians on the borders of the Roman Empire reproduced a degenerate version of Roman civilisation. On the other hand, those territories, in proportion as they absorbed Chinese culture, became an influence of the first importance on China herself. If, regarded from China, they were a buffer between the Empire and the outer darkness, regarded from the point of view of their own inhabitants they were a base which faced inwards. In the happy phrase of Mr. Lattimore, they have been "reservoir areas," from which successive invaders of China have drawn their resources. Thus to regard Manchuria as a field of immigration analogous to, for example, Siberia or Western America in the nineteenth century, is doubly misleading. Culturally and ethnographically Manchuria is preponderantly Chinese. Politically it is a strategic position whose masters have influenced, and sometimes dominated, the development of China south of the Wall.

These aspects of the matter are not, of course, the only aspects to be considered. They require to be related to other factors, ethnographical, geographical and economic, to which full justice is done in Mr. Lattimore's book. They are sufficiently important, however, to make acquaintance with the salient characteristics of Chinese civilisation the prerequisite of a study of the special problems of Manchuria. To a discussion of those characteristics Mr. Lattimore devotes some of his most illuminating pages. The illustration which he chooses, the Chinese attitude to responsibility and to definition, is apt. The tendency in China is to diffuse responsibility, not to fix it, and to leave a wide field for manoeuvre to the individuals concerned. Hence in the sphere of government and administration the use of Western terminology disguises a profound contrast of ideas. To a foreign observer Chinese society appears to be based on personal relations, rather than on law, and law to be the statement less of a rule to be generally applied than of an ideal towards which it may be desirable to approximate, but with which in practice an accommodation must be made. The competent official considers the facts and personalities of the particular case, and adjusts the principle to them, even though the result is that in the process the principle itself sometimes seems to disappear. The character which is admired is less that of the just judge, enforcing the law with fearless impartiality, than that of the skilful arbitrator, who composes differences by judicious concessions. In military matters the same contrast is revealed. The aim of strategy in the West, whatever its practice, is usually said to be to force a decision. It is not a great exaggeration, perhaps, to say that the aim of strategy in China is often to hold forces in suspense until a decision is enforced by circumstances.

This difference is deep-seated. During the greater part of her history China was a non-political society. A state was slow to emerge—indeed it is only now emerging—because a state in the Western sense of the term was not required. But, since the time when China was brought into continuous and intimate contact with nations with a different type of civilisation, a new situation has arisen. The political breakdown of the last twenty years, if not due to that situation—long and turbulent interregna occurred in the past on the fall of a dynasty—has been greatly aggravated by it. The question is whether China will develop a political system of a kind to bear successfully the new stresses to which she is now exposed.

It is not easily answered. Mr. Lattimore dismisses the facile formula Westernisation, and, as it is often used, his contempt is just. The assumption that Chinese opinion accepts Western

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ends, and that all that is required is that China should acquire the means to attain them, sometimes seems, indeed, to be the precise opposite of the truth. Generalisation is precarious; but it would be more accurate, perhaps, to say that thoughtful Chinese desire to see their country equipped with Western technique in order to cope with the West (which includes Japan), but are convinced of the superiority of their own civilisation, and, while anxious to use the devices of the barbarian, which have revealed in his hands a formidable capacity for mischief, would not dream of abandoning their culture for his. This attitude is masked partly by Chinese courtesy, partly by the fact that modern education in China is, directly or indirectly, mainly foreign education; and it is possible that Mr. Lattimore's account of it—"while the power of many Western inventions has been recognised, and the profit to be realised from many Western methods, no single quality of the West, no subjective conviction, has truly appealed to the Chinese"—is overstated. But the existence of that attitude can hardly be denied. Whether it is possible to introduce Western technique and economic methods, while rejecting Western conceptions of law, administration and social organisation, is a problem which only the future can solve. No better introduction to a fascinating subject could be found than Mr. Lattimore's book.

R. H. TAWNEY.

HOUSMAN, MEDIAEVALIST

Ye Fearful Saints. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s.

The Queen's Progress. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Cape. 5s.

Mr. Housman is one of the few genuine mediaevalists now writing. We have many others, some of great ability and imaginative force, who write on mediaeval subjects, and understand the mediaeval spirit. But Mr. Housman has a natural mediaevalism in his treatment of our world to-day. He has both the belief and the believer's irreverence. Most of us to-day who believe in anything, whether Rome or Russia, are frightfully solemn even about the minor details of our religion. A mediaeval painter would cheerfully, when employed by Pope or Prince to paint the torments of hell, place either Pope or Prince mitred and vestmented sizzling on the infernal fires. One does not find Russian painters so treating Commissars. Mr. Housman has exactly that lively, undaunted spirit—confidence in what he believes, and a gay incredulity about professors and their pretensions.

His two volumes might be labelled sacred and secular—though non-religious subjects are among the satiric plays of *Ye Fearful Saints*, and are among the most successful. The plays of theological speculation suffer from the difficulty of the formula. For instance in *The Old Bottles*, a fine effort to restate a theory of immortality, the whole dialogue is between three divine persons; if Mr. Housman had been an Italian, these persons would have been frankly the persons of the Christian Trinity, and probably Mary would have come in as an intervener, and this would have been to the play's advantage. The two fine satires on legal administration, *Consider Your Verdict* and *The New Hangman*, could not be improved: each has a dramatic suspense and surprise that would make them act excellently, and it is to be hoped, if they fail to pass the Lord Chamberlain, we may see them on an unlicensed stage. *The Waiting-Room*, a dramatic study in dying, has rare tenderness and wit, while *The Wrong Door* is a glorious farcical satire of Hell. It is one of the best examples of Mr. Housman's method. A man who has stolen from a collection plate at church, and committed suicide, having been properly educated, finds his own way to Hell. There, given the task of torturing other inmates, he cannot refrain from trying to help them. Deprived of their self-willed agony, they die; and the Devil has to come to eject this fellow who will empty his kingdom if he is thus allowed his freedom. The climax is ingenious and again shows Mr. Housman's real sense of drama. His theatre is a theatre of ideas; and in his best work he expresses himself with a most dramatic appropriateness.

Saucy enough to things divine and infernal, Mr. Housman positively riots with the respectabilities of royalty. *The Queen's Progress* consists of nine dramatic sketches in the life of Queen Victoria. That amazing lady has conquered him, as she conquered Mr. Strachey; but he will not, for that, forgo his chance of exhibiting her in a ridiculous light, if she insists in posing in one. The struggle between her and Prince Albert—or rather the struggle between the Queen who thought it her duty to "boss" the foreign husband and the wife who found it her passion to obey her adored Albert—is excellently shown and resolved. *Royal Favour*, which introduces Dr. Stanley, Mr. Martin Tupper, Mr. Disraeli, and a sulky Prince of Wales, as well as the Queen and the Prince Consort, is perhaps the most entertaining piece in the book, while *Leading Strings*, when Albert rules his wife, is the most human. Necessarily, perhaps, the plays which treat of the Widow at Windsor are less amusing, and have less of dramatic conflict in them. There is a very good one showing the Queen telling a concourse of Bishops how her Church is to be governed—though Dr. Temple would certainly have corrected Her Majesty's error in calling herself—as she frequently does—"Head of the Church." The piece in which Gladstone resigns is almost too realistic: even now one can only find the Queen's arrogant rudeness barbarous in its brutality. It is as if she had suddenly reverted to the manners of one of her uncles. There can be no prospect of these plays passing the Censor—but they should certainly be acted; in spite of their paucity of action, the personality of the Queen gives them interest and unity. Miss Gwen ffrangçon-Davies might, perhaps, act the indomitable little lady in her progress from 1837 to 1897.

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have blurred the larger issues and which would have missed the human idiosyncrasies and the final values. It would have been even easier to guy the Victorianism of Stansfeld and his contemporaries and to produce a tasteless and a tiresome piece of pseudo-satire.

The quality of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's writing is revealed on almost the first page.

> There was nothing in his [Stansfeld's] upbringing to provoke those reactions that are not uncommon among the children of men and women of serious purpose.

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> Thus, whereas England was being urged by sober thinkers fifty years ago to follow the example of the Continent [in regard to the compulsory examination of prostitutes], nation after nation to-day, taught by experience, is turning back to the example of England. Of the honour due to England of giving the world that example no small share belongs to a man whose noble patience England has forgotten.

It was a patience that involved much spiritual distress and a considerable sacrifice of worthy ambitions. "No man knows, or ever can or will know, what to me has been the suffering, the burden, and the cost," Stansfeld affirmed early in 1883 when he had still a dreary fourteen years of struggle ahead of him.

> "Stansfeld," say Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, "would never have compared himself with Wilberforce or Shaftesbury, yet in one sense he made a greater sacrifice than either of them. When he took up his special cause he had been in Parliament fifteen years; he had had a recognised position as a leading Radical; he had held Cabinet Office. When they took up their special causes they were young and almost untrained in public life. And he turned his face to a cause more disagreeable than the cause of the slave, black or white."

Stansfeld was not an exuberant or a resilient man; he was not a born fighter. He viewed facts as facts, neither through rosy mists nor through blue spectacles. He was a sensitive man and he took life hardly. He found none of the help that has come to many a reformer through the lust of battle in the clash of swords. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond think that he never quite recovered from the reverberations of the Greco affair in 1864 when through his chivalrous determination to be loyal to his friend Mazzini he, a Minister of the Crown, was forced to resign office owing to his apparent implication in a plot to assassinate the Emperor of the French. That his constituents presented him with a silver candelabra with sixteen lights in two tiers was insufficient to counterbalance the fact that on the Paris boulevards hawkers were doing a good trade in children's pop-guns, known as *Pistolets Stansfeld.*

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond disclaim in their preface the pretension of revealing the personality of James Stansfeld.

> Stansfeld . . . lives in his achievements, and not in the documents that he left behind him. The papers that have survived tell us little about his tastes, or the habits and the range of his mind. Such a gap, in the case of a man who has been dead over thirty years, cannot be filled by the recollections of friends.

Their book, they insist, is a study not an autobiography. It is to be wished that all ostensible biographers were as successful in achieving deliberately what Mr. and Mrs. Hammond have achieved incidentally, for upon closing their study we not only know a great deal more than we knew before about an important and impressive piece of social reform, but we also have a remarkably clear, if not a highly-coloured or a detailed impression, of the man who worked to bring the reform about. We have been given more than a glimpse at what Mazzini once described as Stansfeld's "immense, exceptional goodness." Mazz, or The Angel, may at times have indulged in hyperbole, but here at least he seems to have contrived a phrase embodying sober, unexaggerated fact.

"GENERAL TANK"

Eyewitness. By Ernest D. Swinton. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

It is very much to Sir Ernest Swinton's credit that this is a less amusing, because a less bitterly controversial book than he might have made it. Few men have had better cause to write of the war in bitterness of spirit than the members of the "happy thought brigade" whose seed often fell upon such stony ground in the less receptive sections of the War Office and G.H.Q.; and no one of them can have more searing memories of frustrated effort and hope deferred than the present Chichele Professor of Military History in Oxford University. It was in October, 1914, that Colonel Swinton, R.E., then acting as official correspondent ("Eyewitness") with the Army in France, first put forward the idea of an armoured fighting-machine, mounted on "caterpillar" tractors, as the likeliest means of breaking the stalemate on the Western Front. It was in August, 1916, that the first tanks were delivered in France, and for intelligent employment on a really big scale and in favourable conditions they had to wait until the Cambrai offensive of November, 1917.

The greater part of Sir Ernest Swinton's book is taken up by a narrative of his struggles, and those of others, to get the idea of the tank accepted, carried out, and utilised. It is not a pleasant story. It is written with remarkable restraint, and with very full allowance for the difficulties and preoccupations of men carrying overwhelming responsibilities in conditions which hardly anyone had foreseen; but this very restraint gives it additional authority and conviction as an indictment of "rigid non-receptivity and complacent omniscience."

General Swinton makes no pretence, of course, to be the "onlie begetter" of the tank, though he does claim to have had the first clear vision of it; and he prints some of his early memoranda which are remarkable in their insight and their foresight. What gives his narrative dramatic force is not the pride of the inventor, nor even the "will to victory" of the professional soldier; but his constant obsession with the frightful sacrifice of life involved in every infantry assault on uncut wire and undestroyed machine guns.

The earlier chapters, describing the journalistic activities of "Eyewitness"—that "continuous, quite unearned, and watertight scoop," are full of good stories. Indeed, the whole book is written with a raciness and pungency only partially held in check by the essential seriousness of its main theme. Those professional journalists who most bitterly resented the monopoly enjoyed by "Eyewitness" should be conciliated by his very modest estimate of his own efforts, and his frank recognition of the superiority of theirs.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Dandy Hun. By Konstantin Maglic. Lane. 6s.

On May 31, 1916, there appeared in the *Daily Mail* an account of the escape of an Austrian prisoner from the internment camp at Alexandra Palace. Herr Maglic, the author of this book, was the prisoner in question. He has expanded the notice of the press into a stirring relation of his adventures and escapes after he has been captured by the Italians in July, 1915. He proves himself to have been a man of ready wit and courage; and his methods of avoiding detection in war-time London are highly ingenious. The book would have been more economical if the unnecessary guide-book descriptions of towns had been left out; but as an off-set to this scenic padding the style is pleasantly straightforward and unadorned. The book can be recommended, though not strongly, to readers of *The Road to En-dor*.

My Own Way. By Sir Edward Parry. Cassell. 15s.

Most lawyers who write at all contrive to write entertainingly. The particular shop of the bar has an unfailing interest for the public, most members of which pass through life without entering any law-court, but presumably never certain they will not. Sir Edward Parry is a practised author, as well as a learned lawyer. Many of us remember as children his delightful fairy-story, *Katawampus*, and his historical books are remarkably readable and widely read. This volume contains many anecdotes and lively reminiscences: the sentence which a wise layman will ponder most thoughtfully is one judge's saying: "Of two evils, I had rather have a judge dead against me than strongly in my favour."

A Primer of Money. By Donald B. Woodward and Marc A. Rose. McGraw, Hill Book Co. 6s.

The crisis has hatched a numerous progeny of books on monetary theory and practice; and here the Editor and Financial Editor of the American *Business Week* have produced exactly the kind of book which is most needed, covering not only the history of money, but also describing the manifold features of monetary practice in various countries. It is only natural that the book should contain greater detail of the American system, but that is at the present juncture rather to be welcomed; and the authors have an easy, attractive style, and present the problems with lucidity. There are numerous good illustrations and clear diagrams; and an excellent compendium of statistics, glossary, bibliography and index running to 44 pages. For the interested reader with little time to spare, this book gives more than many at double the price and treble the length.

HERE & NOW PAMPHLETS

WHY BUY BRITISH?
by Sanford Cole

Viscount Snowden, *in a letter to the author writes*:—"I have read it with interest and approval. It was time this fallacious doctrine 'Buy British' was trenchantly exposed. I hope your pamphlet will reach a public which needs to be disillusioned."

Professor Gilbert Murray, *in a letter to the author writes*:—"I have read your pamphlet with much enjoyment. I think myself that the 'Buy British' cry is really more damaging than a set of Tariffs because it sets up an uncontrolled and indefinite emotion whereas the tariff does only a specified and definite amount of harm."

BANNED IN ENGLAND
by Gilbert Armitage

"As an exposition of a complex and little understood misdemeanour, it deserves serious consideration."—*Yorkshire Post.*

THE CRUISE OF THE
LABOUR BRIG
by H. L. Senior

"Mr. Senior has succeeded all through in keeping up the vein of quiet satire."—*Reality.*

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List of others in the series post free on request.

WISHART & CO.

Leap-Home and Gentlebrawn. A Tale of the Hanuman Monkeys. Frieda Hauswirth Das. J. M. Dent and Sons. 7s. 6d.

Every one who has spent any time in Indian jungles will have vivid memories of the grey monkeys, impertinent and inquisitive creatures who treat the occasional human intruder with a contemptuous familiarity. They seem to treat him as a distant and degenerate relation who has intruded into a society in which he has no longer any position. Mrs. Das has made full use of her intimate knowledge of the Orissa jungles and coast line. Naturalists might object that she has made her monkey tribe a little too human in their mental processes, but she has produced a most attractive book, and her sketches are admirable. The description of Puri—from a simian angle of vision—is perhaps the best part of the book and shows a real understanding of one side of Hindu life. It is probably mere prejudice which made the reviewer find the final chapters less satisfactory, for they introduce a Yogi of the approved literary pattern, own brother of that gentleman whom most educated Bengalis will refer to, in private, as "the Lord of Smells." Apart from this, Mrs. Das has written a book which can be recommended to all who want a true picture of the jungle and the bazaars of Eastern India.

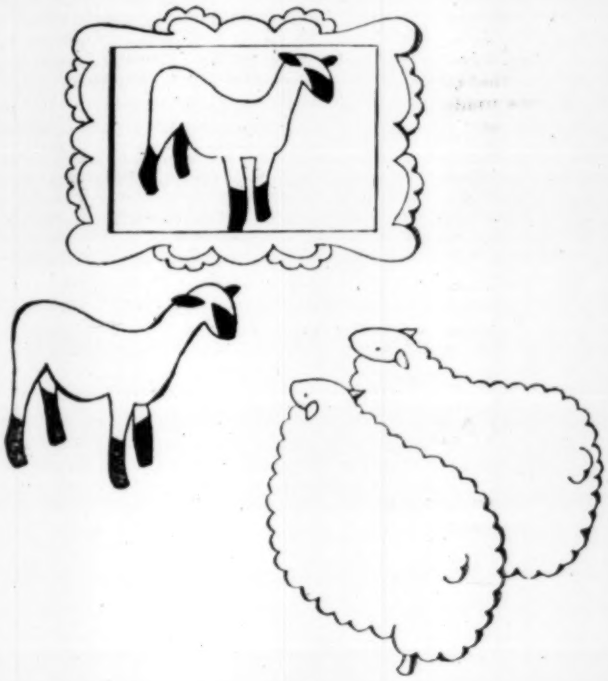
GRAMOPHONE NOTES

WHILE the usual monthly lists pursue their jog-trot course I make no excuse for concentrating on the foreign lists and the first instalments of the Haydn and Sibelius societies. The first volume of the Haydn String Quartet Society is a pure delight. If there are any waverers who have not become members they need only ask to hear it. Wisely refraining from a didactic chronological order the Society has given us one of the op. 20, one of the op. 33 and the first of the op. 77. The recording is clear and the playing of the Pro Arte quartet delightfully crisp. There is no space to examine the quartets in detail, and, besides, this task has already been performed by Mr. Cecil Gray, whose brochure accompanying the volume is a model of lucidity and good sense.

The Sibelius Society has also issued its first instalment consisting of three of Sibelius' most monumental works, the Fifth Symphony and the symphonic poems *Pohjola's Daughter* and *Tapiola*. Although one may regret the absence of one of his more intimate works, the policy is probably a wise one, for it is by his works on an epic scale that Sibelius has made his deepest impression on the general public. No. 5, for example, has achieved a greater popularity than its more subtle neighbours Nos. 4 and 6, perhaps because, although a work of great originality, the actual texture is considerably more traditional and continuous. The themes are broadly treated without any of the stark reservations of the later symphonies. It is in no carping spirit that one can describe No. 5 as the most obviously great of Sibelius' symphonies. *Pohjola's Daughter* is even more generally acceptable. It is the most theatrical in colour of all his works and approaches nearest to the opulence of the Russian symphonic poems. *Tapiola* is a work of greater interest, and both in form and texture is the most characteristic of the three works. The astounding passage for strings and brass on the fourth side is one of the things that only Sibelius would have the genius and courage to do, and yet on paper there is nothing remarkable about it. This is the most profoundly impressive work that Sibelius has given us outside his symphonies. The works are played by the L.S.O. under Robert Kajanus, a conductor who deliberately discards all superficial virtuosity in favour of an absolutely straightforward presentation of the composer's thought.

Both the symphonic poems come off very well, but there are places in the symphony (notably the first movement) where a miniature score is of help in following the detail. The curious perspective of Sibelius' scoring is difficult to reproduce mechanically; what in the concert hall sounds strangely distant may on the record sound merely rather muffled.

The same orchestra has, under Albert Coates, produced the rarely heard Third ("Polish") Symphony of Tchaikovsky and the equally unfamiliar Scherzo from the same composer's *Manfred*. *Manfred,* wrongly described on the label as a symphonic poem, is actually a dramatic symphony in four movements, very much on the Berlioz lines with a motto theme for Manfred himself. The Scherzo, which comes rather as a shock in the work itself, is a very pleasant piece in Tchaikovsky's lighter manner which, but for the sudden intrusion of the motto theme on the second side, could be listened to without any Byronic associations (foreign H.M.V., one 12in., D.B. 1661). There is not much to be said for Tchaikovsky's Third Symphony except that it "makes a



the same thing happened to Matilda's great, great,—

Bereft of her shaggy fleece, Matilda finds comfort in the solemn thought that, far back in the eighteenth century, her ancestors made the same sacrifice for Society! For Wolsey has been taking the best wool from the best flocks and turning it into garments of great quality for more than one hundred and eighty years! That is why Wolsey Underwear is so widely counted on. Because Wolsey *know*. Know what is right in design, in treatment, in cut. The new winter styles, remarkably inexpensive, are comfortable, stylish and right —right as a vast experience can make them. See them in the shops.

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change." It is brilliantly written, but not very distinguished music, hovering in style between the earlier *Lac des Cygnes* and the later Fourth Symphony. As in the *Manfred* Symphony, the lighter sections are best, and the second movement, *Alla Tedesca* (a valse rather in the style of the one in the Fifth Symphony, but with more character), is enchanting. I cannot understand why it has not become popular as a separate piece, for it rivals in grace anything to be found in the theatrical works. It is curious to reflect that Tchaikovsky, who first came before us as a symphonist and the apostle of "Russian gloom," will probably be chiefly remembered for his valses and ballet-music which, unlike his symphonic works, are in the perfection of taste, and for their finished workmanship, and elegance and richness of melodic line, can rightly be called classic. The symphony, which is in five movements, is issued on four double-sided records (foreign H.M.V., D.B. 1702–5). Incidentally, if conductors wish to vary their woefully restricted Russian repertoire, why cannot they give us the fine Borodin No. 1 and the completely neglected First Symphony of Balakireff ?

The issue of a suite from Prokofieff's ballet *Le Pas d'Acier* is our first opportunity of renewing acquaintance with this music since its production in the later days of Diaghileff. Cold and athletic, it is not without a certain grey exhilaration of its own. Although of hardly greater importance than things like the film *Metropolis* (or for the matter of that, the ballet *Le Pas d'Acier* itself), one has only to compare it with similarly motivated music such as Mossolof's *Song of the Machines* to realise its distinction. It has many exciting moments (notably the "hammer" section), but their effect is a little damped by the general monotony of texture. Except for the opening bars, which are taken about twice too fast, the performance is a good one (foreign H.M.V., the L.S.O. under Albert Coates, two 12in. D.B. 1680–1).

Those who don't mind how a work is put together will enjoy the same composer's Third Piano Concerto played by the composer with the L.S.O. under Piero Coppola (foreign H.M.V., three 12in. D.B. 1725–7). For, although the work consists of about twelve disparate sections flimsily joined together if at all, each section is in itself delightful, and one or two of the variations in the second movement are of great beauty. Thoroughly bad on paper, this concerto is in actual practice most enjoyable and disarms criticism with its variety and vitality. Prokofieff as a pianist is in a class by himself, and the recording of the piano part is excellent. Unfortunately, it is at times allowed to obscure the orchestral detail. It will be noticed that all the orchestral records I have mentioned are by the L.S.O., and that they maintain a very high standard of execution. We are all of us anxious to hear the records of the London Philharmonic, but I wonder if H.M.V. have been entirely wise in transferring their recording contract *en bloc* to the new orchestra. It can hardly be said to raise the prestige of their large stock of previously issued records. The most important of the new foreign issues is Darius Milhaud's *Creation du Monde*, but it demands more space than I can give it this month and must wait until next month, when I hope to deal with a number of French records.

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

Playtime

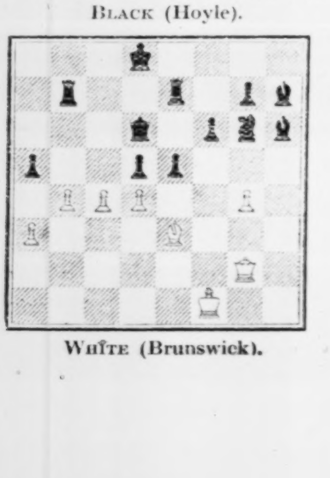
CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 15.—END-GAME.

Below is the "score" of a game found in A. D. Brunswick's rooms after his death under mysterious circumstances. It was in Brunswick's handwriting. At first it aroused no suspicions, but Inspector Snooper, a keen chess-player, saw at once that it was some sort of cryptogram.

"F. M. T. HOYLE *v.* A. D. BRUNSWICK.

BLACK (Hoyle).



WHITE (Brunswick).

Position after Black's first threat :

33.	B—K3	K—Q sq.	44.	R—K B6	P—K B3
34.	Kt—Q6	B—K R2	45.	Kt—K5	Kt—K Kt3
35.	P—Q B4	K × B	46.	R × P	R—K2
36.	Kt—Q8	P—K6	47.	Kt—K Kt7	Kt × P
37.	P—Q4	P—Q4	48.	P—K Kt6	P—Q R6
38.	Kt—Q Kt7	Kt—K Kt3	49.	P—K R7	Kt—Q Kt5
39.	P—Q5	R × P	50.	K—K B sq.	B—K R2
40.	P—K Kt6	P—Q R4	51.	B—Q8	B—K Kt2
41.	P × P	P—Q4	52.	Kt—K R7	Q—Q3.
42.	B—K3	R—K2	53.	P—K B6	Kt—K Kt3
43.	P—Q R3	Kt—K6		Resigns."	

What was Brunswick's message ?

(The solution of this problem requires a knowledge of chess notation, which can be acquired in a few minutes, but no knowledge of the technique of chess is necessary.)

No. 13.—OPEN TOP BUSES.

There are four open-top buses on the service : Nos. 3, 12, 13, 14.

No. 12.—PHLEGMATITIS AT THE CURATE'S.

Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to :

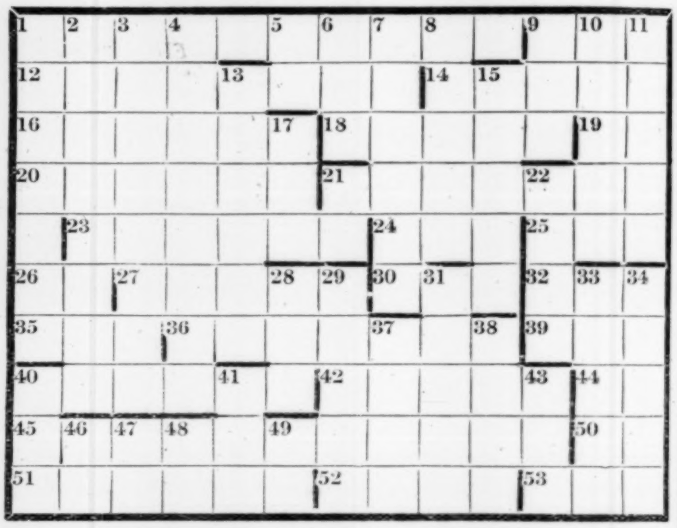
(1) D. S. Crawford, 4, Hollybush Gardens, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
(2) J. O. Davies, 15, Hollybush Villas, Church Village, Glam.

(Hollybushes are evidently lucky !) There were 31 correct and 41 other solutions.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Nov. 8th.

CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



WELL SUITED

ACROSS.

1. Hamlet was, when alive ; and still more so when dead.
9. *rev.* Want after 35 *rev.*
12. Hamlet's was pronounced by Horatio.
14. Hamlet wanted this flesh to melt.
16. *See title.*
18 *rev.* Insult.
19. *rev.* Middle parts with 49 *dn.*
20. Gilding.
21. Attacks the ga-ga mind.
23. Might produce 21 *ac.*
24. Organ in Suffolk.
25. See 31.
26. Held without a net.
27 *rev.* My woof is overshot.
30. Spreaders of the gospel.
32. Disliked by most schoolboys.
35. *rev.* Fate has lost its little ending.
36. Antelope.
39, 44. Defy.
40. Divided but articulate.
42. Hear, hear.
44. See 39.
45. He can call spirits from the vasty deep.
50, 53. Early associated with beauty.
51. *See title.*
52. Popular queen.
53. See 50.

DOWN.

1. The Assyrians' gleamed.
2. Home of the joke-factory.
3. *See title.*
4. Useful for 23 *ac.*
5. Everyone shortly.
6. Mistake turned up.
7. A hand was given to each.
8. A crime once ; now—a virtue.
9. *rev.* Should accompany the cakes.
10. *rev.* Part of a church.
11. Daily in confusion.
13. I have forsaken my quality of usefulness.
15. There's a wind in these woods.
17. Hot stuff.
21. Brass hat ? or a silver one ?
22 *rev.* Toss with the finger.
28. Nothing short of an alto.
29 *rev.* Plenty of these next week.
31 *rev.* Crippling disease before 25.
33. *See title.*
34. Sacred composition.
37. Stone that's almost sweet.
38. Merely employs.
40. Half of 40 *ac.*
41. Hornless mortar.
43. Long full stop.
46. First half of the Iliad.
47, 48. Mr. Bennett's was an ace.
49. Form in which I reached the printer.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. garnisheement. 12. Rhaetian. 15. satin. 16. aitchbone. 17. cola. 18. otenophora. 22. teh (the). 23. phi *rev.* 24. ore[ad.]. 25. l.b.w. *rev.* 27. R.P. (Regius Professor). 28. R.C. 29. oo (logic). 30. aroma. 32. limmer. 34. up. 35. u(n)i(t)y *rev.* 36. Irene. 38. yes (men). 40. Shem. 41. G.C.V.O. 43. cares. 44. leroha (Lahore). 45. pavane. 46. sly *rev.* 47. nonillions.

DOWN.—1. graciously. 2. Ahitophel. 3. ratepayers. 4. nec(tar). 5. bis *rev.* 6. ennoble. 7. rese(da) *rev.* 8. Mac. 9. asymptote *rev.* 10. Nile. 11. chant *rev.* 13. thorough. 14. whoa *rev.* 19. norimon. 20. pem-ican. 21. arm (our). 26. lineal. 28. re(cent). 31. arvi(cola). 33. roses. 37. val *rev.* 39. een. 42. opl (lop).

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	FIFTY-FIFTY.	Wed. & Fri.
DUCHESS.	CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	FOR SERVICES RENDERED.	Sat.
H'DROME.	THE MERRY WIDOW.	W., Th. & Sat.
PALACE.	GRAND HOTEL.	Daily.
QUEEN'S.	EVENSONG.	Wed., Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	BEHOLD, WE LIVE.	Wed., Sat.
ST. MARTIN'S.	STRANGE ORCHESTRA.	Tu., F.

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Adapted from *MADCHEN IN UNIFORM.*

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(Subsequently, 8.40). First Mat. Sat. Nov. 5, 2.30.
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CARL BRISSON. HELEN GILLILAND. GEORGE GRAVES. DEREK OLDHAM. JAY LAURIER.

QUEEN'S. (Ger. 4517.) Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.
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JACK OAKIE in *ONCE IN A LIFETIME.*
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Greta Garbo, John **Barrymore**, Joan **Crawford**, Wallace **Beery**, Lionel **Barrymore**.
Extra Performance SATURDAY at 6 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Creighton Lecture, entitled "POPE BONIFACE VIII," will be given by Professor F. M. POWICKE, Litt.D. F.B.A. (Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by the Rev. Professor Canon Claude Jenkins, M.A., D.D., F.S.A. (Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University).
ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.
S. J. Worsley,
Academic Registrar.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, October 30th, at 11 a.m.
C. DELISLE BURNS, M.A., D.Litt.,
The Contributions of the Artist to Civilisation.

PUBLIC LUNCH

THIRTY-TWO CLUB PUBLIC LUNCHES.—Wednesday, November 2nd, at 1 p.m., Northumberland Rooms, Trafalgar Square. Guest: The Rt. Hon. Lord Beaverbrook, P.C. Tickets (Non-members) 3s. 6d. Apply Hon. Sec., 6, Phene Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.

COMPANY MEETING

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LTD.

The 31st annual general meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at Raphael House, London, E.C.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said that whereas in distant countries they had perforce felt the effects of trading restrictions, they had, so far as their home trade was concerned, almost maintained the turnover of the preceding year.

That was gratifying when they considered the state of affairs over here. That they had maintained their home figures to the extent which he had mentioned proved conclusively that the foundations of the company were deep rooted and that the affection which its art productions enjoyed with the public were as great as, if not greater, than ever. Many firms and others, in their desire to effect economies, had been compelled to dismiss members of their staff. Such a policy was one which the board of this company had not followed. He was proud to say that they had so far maintained their staff intact, and at full wages.

The Christmas and New Year cards section of the business had continued its progress and its publications were meeting with ever-growing demand. The production of books for children was to-day an entirely different proposition from what it was when he first assumed the organisation of the company's book department. In those days children were children. Nowadays the child remained a child for nothing like as long. The company had kept this modern development well in view, and a glance at their list showed to what extent they had met this situation. Their children's books were as popular as ever. A large staff of artists had again been busily engaged upon the production of 750 different calenders.

Having mentioned that Tuck's postcards continued to carry their share of the world's correspondence, the Chairman referred to the pictorial advertising department, and said he was glad to be able to report marked progress in this enterprising sphere of their activities. The standard of work it produced was the admiration of many of the largest advertisers in the country.

The chairman, in conclusion, said that the motto of Raphael Tuck had been at all times to produce the best and to give the best to the public, and from that policy they had never departed.

On the motion of the chairman, seconded by Mr. Desmond Tuck, the report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

INSTITUTE OF CHILD PSYCHOLOGY.
A COURSE OF TEN LECTURES ON
The Growth and Development of the Normal Child
Will be given by Professor Winifred Cullis, Professor J. E. Marcault, Dr. Ethel Dukes, Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld, and Dr. Sybille Yates.
On Thursdays: November 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, and December 1st, 1932,
At 6.15 and 8.15 p.m., at THE CAXTON HALL, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.
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The rates for these advertisements will be found on the back page.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

MR. NORMAN'S CONFESSION—LONDON TRANSPORT BILL AND STOCKS—CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD

THE "cannot-see-the-way-out" speech of Mr. Montagu Norman at the bankers' dinner in the City on October 20th caused something like consternation in Wall Street. But it is Throgmorton Street which ought to be dismayed. I am not thinking of Mr. Norman's pessimism or of his peculiar English—which is no worse than that of many other Etonians—but of his confession of impotence as the head of Great Britain's Central Bank. He was referring to the fact that acceptance houses had granted generous credits abroad in complete ignorance of the full extent to which the borrowers had obtained credits from the City of London as a whole. "The result has been," he said, "that (foreign) concerns have been able to borrow on short credit sums which, had the various lenders been aware of it, would have been quite out of the question and which have come as a surprise to all of us"—when the borrowers failed and revealed their total liabilities. Mr. Norman called for co-operation among the acceptance houses, but he made the suggestion "quite humbly," adding: "These are matters which do not concern me very directly." It will come as a shock to most people to hear that the Bank of England is not concerned "very directly" in the foreign activities of the London acceptance houses which may at any time endanger the exchange stability of the pound sterling. There was actually a movement among the acceptance houses themselves in 1929 to establish a credit information bureau, but it was burked by certain banks who were afraid of having their customers stolen if they gave information about them. The Macmillan Committee reported strongly on the dangers and defects of the present system, and as a result of their recommendations the Bank of England now obtains, in absolute secrecy, from the banks and acceptance houses the total amount of their foreign credits and deposits. But the legislature should give the Bank of England power to order the banks and acceptance houses to provide and pool information, not leave it to make suggestions to them "quite humbly." However, the Labour Party will no doubt be delighted to hear that Mr. Montagu Norman at the same banquet tacitly supported their proposed National Investment Board. "In the past we were great lenders," he said. "Lending here (in the City) was practically indiscriminate. It was merely competitive. Can that continue with the same freedom in the future?" When the tide of trade turned, opportunities for investment abroad would arise again and "we shall need," he added, "a robust and rationalised industry and commerce in this country which can offer the same attractions by way of investment." Perhaps Mr. Norman's vision extended beyond the National Investment Board to a State economic plan for the rationalisation and control of the basic industries. Or perhaps it did not. I expect his vision was somewhat limited by the autumn sickness of the pound sterling.

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The prospect that the London Passenger Transport Bill will become law next session should make the bargain-hunters get busy in the market. It will be remembered that the directors of the Metropolitan Railway, by holding up the Bill, created an artificial nuisance value for their ordinary stock. The bargain which they made was that holders of Metropolitan ordinary stock should receive £67 10s. L.P.T. Board "C" stock for every £100 Metropolitan with the option to convert into a new guaranteed stock, of a nominal amount equal to the par value of their present holding, bearing interest at 3¼ per cent. for fifteen years and 3½ per cent. for the next ten years. For this purpose a Trust is to be established to hold the L.P.T. Board "C" stock issuable under the agreement. Lest the dividend receivable on this "C" stock should not cover the interest requirements on the guaranteed stock, the Trust is to have a first charge on the share of the pooled receipts to which the main line railway companies are entitled in respect of their suburban traffic. This is estimated to cover the guaranteed stock dividends twenty times. In other words the guaranteed stock of the Trust will be a first-class security. It can be acquired by purchasing Metropolitan ordinary stock to-day at 65 to yield 5 per cent. on a 3¼ per cent. guaranteed stock basis. When the Trust comes to an end at the end of 25 years, holders of the guaranteed stock who have not already exchanged will be called upon to exchange into their appropriate amount of L.P.T. Board "C" stock. All this is dependent, of course, on the Bill passing into law. A cheap way of acquiring L.P.T. Board "C" stock would be a purchase of the 4 per cent. debenture stock at 65 or the £1 preference shares at 3s. 6d. of the London United Tramways. The following calculation will explain:

In Exchange for	L.U.T. receives from L.P.T. Board	Equivalent cost of acquiring £100 L.P.T. Board "C." Stock.
£100 4% L.U.T. deb. stock at 65	£50 5% "B" and £25 "C" Stock	60*
100 £1 pref. shares ...	£30 "C" Stock	58½

* If "B" Stock (a trustee security) is valued at not less than par.

The L.P.T. Board "C" stock carries interest at the rate of 5 per cent. for the first two years, increasing thereafter to 5½ per cent. and finally 6 per cent., but interest is dependent always on earnings. Not more than 3 per cent. is expected at the outset.

* * *

A correspondent has taken exception to my remark that the stocks of the Central Electricity Board are a first charge on the electricity supply industry and that the supply companies have to buy from the Board at a price to cover the Board's debt service. No doubt is cast upon approximately one-third of the Board's stocks, represented by the expenditure on the standardisation of frequency, for the service of which the Board has power to make a levy on the industry, but the remaining two-thirds my correspondent regards as "an unproven equity." As this is very serious I have refreshed my memory by carefully examining the Electricity (Supply) Act, 1926. Under the Act the Board is empowered to sell electricity to "authorised undertakings" at a tariff which will include the cost of the service of the Board's debt. It is true that the "authorised undertakings" are not compelled to buy from the Board and that the owners of "selected" stations need not pay even the Board's non-tariff price if they prove that their costs of production would be less under independent operation than the price charged, but how many are likely to produce more cheaply than the Board? Only three of the large companies, I am told. The national production of electricity under the Board's scheme will be concentrated in 135 instead of 474 stations. As the demand for electricity is in itself increasing, and as each selected station will have a much greater output as part of the "grid" system than it would have independently of it, I do not see how the average supply company can prove that its costs would be less under independent operation. I have read an expert's report which contains the following: "The Board, through its power to concentrate on the low cost stations and only use the high cost stations for peak load purposes and intermittent operation, will be able to bring down the cost of electricity to a point where no generating station outside the scheme can compete, and there should be no difficulty in converting all authorised distributors' systems to the purchase of electricity from the national power system." Experts, of course, never agree, so the mere layman has the right to choose which he will follow. And does my correspondent really believe that if, in the early stages, the Board should have difficulty in "making ends meet" the Government would not feel bound to protect it against default by legislation?

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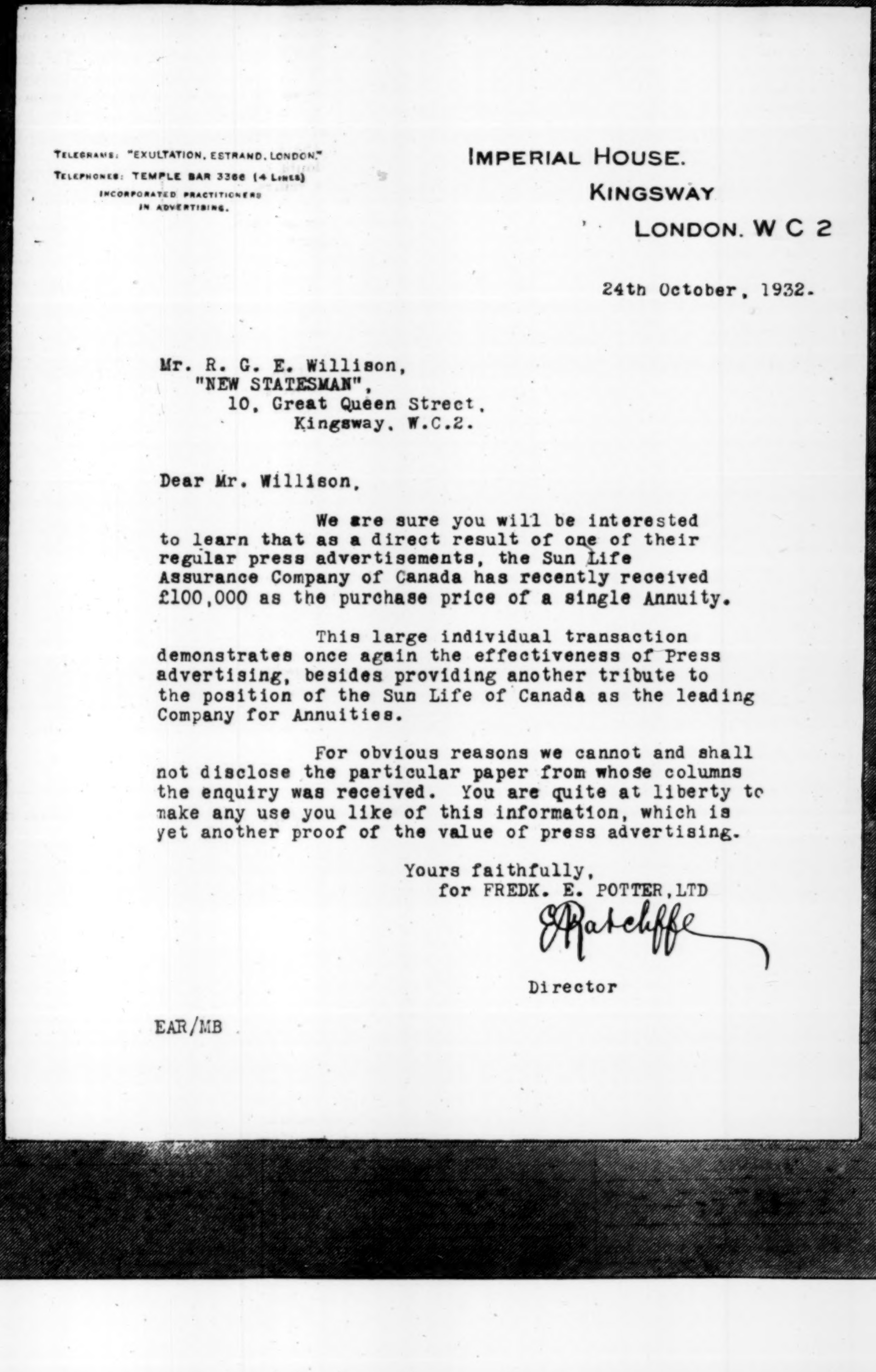
A Shareholders' Protection Association has at last been organised. There have been many such associations for particular companies and industries, but not one to cover all companies and all shareholders' interests. The difficulty has always been to get business men to come forward to support an organisation which will be attacking their own caste—the board-room director. The executive committee of the Shareholders' Protection Association, Ltd. (offices: 78, New Oxford Street, W.C.1; subscription 10s. per annum) consists of practical men, including Alderman Charles Latham, of the L.C.C., who are independent of the "vested City interests," yet possessing wide business experience. Mr. John Wilmot is secretary. The Association will press for the reform of the Companies Act for the better protection of shareholders and will watch the affairs of companies in which its members are interested, investigating accounts and organising the ventilation of grievances at company meetings. I hope that the Association will not spend too much time on the petty swindles and company promotion ramps. It is the presentation of accounts by the big holding companies which is the source of much evil and obscurantism in the company world. The first reform of the Companies Act which the Association should press for is a clause compelling holding companies to publish consolidated income accounts and balance sheets.

The letter reproduced below, addressed to the Advertisement Manager of "THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION," is self-explanatory.



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24th October, 1932.

Mr. R. G. E. Willison,
"NEW STATESMAN",
10, Great Queen Street,
Kingsway, W.C.2.

Dear Mr. Willison,

We are sure you will be interested to learn that as a direct result of one of their regular press advertisements, the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada has recently received £100,000 as the purchase price of a single Annuity.

This large individual transaction demonstrates once again the effectiveness of Press advertising, besides providing another tribute to the position of the Sun Life of Canada as the leading Company for Annuities.

For obvious reasons we cannot and shall not disclose the particular paper from whose columns the enquiry was received. You are quite at liberty to make any use you like of this information, which is yet another proof of the value of press advertising.

Yours faithfully,
for FREDK. E. POTTER, LTD
E A Ratcliffe
Director

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